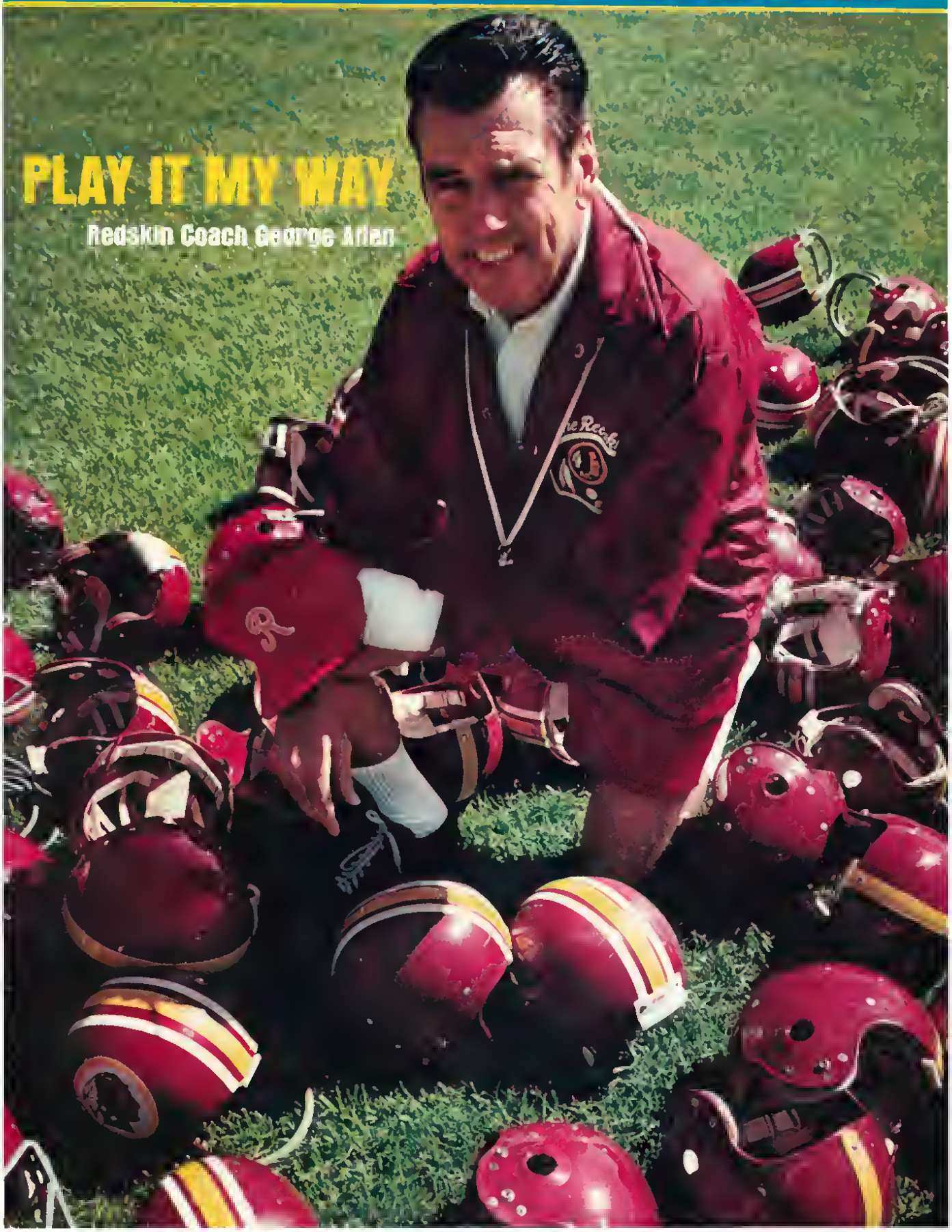
Sports Illustrated
JULY 5, 1971 60 CENTS



PLAY IT MY WAY

Redskin Coach George Allen



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"Know what I'm doing?"



"I'm getting my present auto policy checked,

seeing about a better insurance rate on my two cars,

and buying a tree all at the same time.

Where am I?"

"At my Sears store, where else?

"About fifty feet away is an Allstate booth. Inside that booth is an Allstate Agent who's figuring out if I'd pay less to insure my two cars if I switched to Allstate.

"True, I'm getting a two-car discount from the company I've been dealing with. But I might save some money with Allstate.

"Know what else? Allstate handles a lot of its claims *right over the phone.*

"I feel so good, I think I'll have one of those bushes over there, to go with this tree!

"Why don't you check Allstate, too?" (At Sears. Or an Allstate office.)



Maybe we can save you some money.

Allstate
You're in good hands.

Why play the oil filter numbers game...

when the name of the game is filtering efficiency

When it comes to oil filters, AC is not in the numbers game...we're in the business of filtering oil.

At AC, we work on the premise that the worth of an oil filter is judged on its filtering efficiency...not the number of filters involved. We pride ourselves on our filtering efficiency...and we do it with a single filter! We find it's not the number of filters that counts...it's how well the filter does the job.

We run tests to make sure that AC Oil Filters provide effective filtration. We use engine wear test data to determine how well our filters are doing. After all, our job is to keep harmful contaminants away from vital engine parts...that's what counts in the filter business.

We can build a filter so fine that nothing could get through...not even the oil...and we can build a dozen screens that will let sand, shavings and marbles through. The secret of filtration is getting a filter that will trap harmful contaminants yet pass clean oil to the engine right up to the time of a filter change. That's the ideal filter balance.

In line with our goal of providing the best in filtration, we may never reach perfection...but you can bet we'll never play the numbers game. We contend one filter gets the job done, especially if it's built the way AC builds filters.

If we wanted to play the numbers game, we are capable of building a three-stage filter, but numbers alone wouldn't make it more efficient. AC is in the business of providing you with efficient oil filtration for your car...nothing more, nothing less. Ask for an AC Oil Filter at your next oil change.



AC

GM

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION

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Next week

NO SMITH, no Nastase and no Australian will appear in the final match on Centre Court at Wimbledon, but the light is bright on the ladies and on upset-oriented youngsters.

RUNNING WILD—which is part of the game—the rookie racing driver starts to earn star status. Bob Jones tells of the life and ever-faster times of young mover Jody Scheckter.

ROLY POLY, puddin' and pie, poet J. D. Reed (a 300-pounder) sets out to talk to the tubbies of sport. He finds that they glory in their girth and are always ready to chew the fat.

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The Machete.

(Carving out time for what counts)

We're always showing ordinary couples doing an extraordinarily refreshing thing: enjoying being together. To celebrate these small reminders that human beings can still be human, we try to suggest a drink that is suitably refreshing.

This time we mixed pineapple juice with Smirnoff and added some tonic. Result? The Machete, a drink you might take to when you're taking a break.

To make a Machete, pour 1½ oz. of Smirnoff into a glass of ice. Add two-thirds of a glass of pineapple juice, fill with tonic and stir.

Smirnoff leaves you breathless.®

FOOTLOOSE

Visit the Northwest Territories: for one thing, there certainly is plenty of room

When the ice breaks in the Northwest Territories' Great Slave Lake in June, the M S *Norseta* begins her first run of the Mackenzie River. Last year I waited to board her at Inuvik: the luminous small hours of a June night were no time for bed for anybody. Later, as the ship shattered the still waters of Peel Channel in the Mackenzie Delta, I sat in the wheelhouse, watching reflections of spindly, cold-stunted spruce forests shimmer and melt in our passage. Suddenly Captain Conrad Haight brought the ship to a stop. Ahead, an uncharted new sandbar expanded hundreds of yards across the channel, blocking our passage. As we started up, the sandbar lifted into the air with an earsplitting gabble and a whirr of wings: a "smoker" of migrating ducks.

Tiny settlements along the river's eroded bank all produce their full quota of Eskimo and Indian youngsters, no matter what the hour. The crew of one of the Mackenzie's tugs came aboard one night, slapping at deerflies: the men were nonplussed at people who sailed the river for pleasure. But as Stuart Hodgson, commissioner of Canada's Northwest Territories, observes, "Where in the world is left to explore?"

Ancient as its Precambrian rock shield, fresh as the unpolluted air, the great third of Canada north of the 60th parallel has known heroic journeys for a thousand years, since the Vikings launched expeditions from Greenland in pursuit of badges of nobility, polar bear cubs and falcons. Yet so little of it is familiar that people are amazed that the Mackenzie and its source rivers, second largest waterways on the continent, flow north. The magnitude of the Mackenzie is overwhelming: at some points it is eight miles wide, and its source lake, Great Slave, could provide the world's drinking water.

Doubtless the Territories never will be crowded, but a new stirring in this land of stark, alien beauty is bringing in a surge of adventurous tourists. Package plans: winter trapline tours with Eskimo and Indian trappers of the Mackenzie Delta, by dog team and snowmobile, beluga whale hunts in Eskimo skin boats, mountain climbs in the 7,000-foot Penny Highlands and icecaps of Baffin Island: often are sold out a year in advance. Campgrounds on the new Mackenzie River Highway will follow the road north as it is extended over the next five years.

In the meantime, those interested in the *Norseta* should write Captain Don Tetrault, P.O. Box 63, Hay River, Northwest Territories, Canada. The northbound trip runs seven days, the southbound eight, and the fare ($1,185) includes flight via Pacific Western Airlines to either terminus Inuvik or Hay River, from Edmonton, and return.

DOTTY COSSELLY



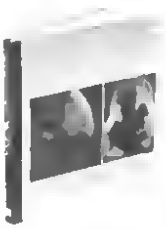
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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

In 1971 Joe Marshall decided he would like to do his master's thesis for Columbia University's Graduate School of Journalism on Howard Cosell. Cosell gave him no trouble ("Fine. How about next Friday?"), and once the paper was written, Joe recalls, "You know how, in the back of your mind, you think maybe the professor will look at it and say, 'Gee, that's pretty good, why don't you submit it someplace?' Well, the professor looked at it and said, 'Gee, that's pretty good, why don't you submit it someplace?'" Joe did, to *Esquire* (SI having recently run a story on Cosell), and *Esquire* accepted it. It was a few weeks later that SI accepted Joe's job application, a bit of news he received over the telephone by the pool at a Chevy Chase, Md. country club.

It sounds like a journalism career launched upon a sea of gravy, but nothing stays perfect. For example, Marshall's latest assignment was to collaborate with the Washington Redskins' George Allen on a story about his coaching philosophy. Since the philosophy is reflected in the title—*A Hundred Percent Is Not Enough* (*page 74*)—Allen had limited time in his seven-day workweek for his literary project. The facts that Marshall had served for two seasons as a Redskin waterboy and that his father Paull is a member of the team's board of directors did not mitigate the circumstance; Coach Allen was constantly stopping the work of Author Allen.

On one occasion Joe remembers that he was just getting settled down to a taping session when the coach's eye wandered to the window. Outdoors some 'Skins were practicing. Badly. "Will you look at that!" fumed the boss, and he kept on looking until the telephone rang. End of session.

At their last meeting, one in which Marshall had planned to ask "all the really important questions," Joe's tape recorder broke. "I tried new batteries," he says, "but smoke started coming from the machine. Allen was getting fidgety and I had to scribble like mad. There I was, talking to a man who spends his whole life preparing for any eventuality, and I was unprepared." Allen's comment: "You should have brought two tape recorders." In the end, Marshall's most productive interview came during a 40-minute ride—he leaped into Allen's car as the coach was leaving for a speaking engagement at a Princeton Club luncheon.



JOE—MARSHALLING HIS THOUGHTS

The taping was completed just before Joe had to serve two weeks as a clerk for the U.S. Army. Specialist Marshall took his electric typewriter, tapes, notes and frayed nerves and spent his first week crouched over the machines transcribing George Allen's philosophy, while hiding the work beneath his other responsibilities—newly cut orders and assorted military paper work.

Of the final result, Marshall says with some surprise, "Normally in a project like this you expect to use perhaps a tenth of what you have on tape, but with Allen I found I ended up using about half—he didn't just ramble on, he knew exactly what he wanted to say. And the story is far from being a 'football article'—'I use a zone defense because. . . .' Instead it reflects what Allen does best, how he motivates his players and manages to eliminate all distractions."

Happily, Coach Allen did not totally eliminate one distraction—ex-Waterboy Marshall.

Jack Mayer



Used all-aluminum cans are worth as much as $200 a ton. Unfortunately, many communities are just throwing them away, and that's what Alcoa thinks ought to be stopped.

There's not another beverage packaging material quite like aluminum. Only aluminum has all these things going for it. It's lightweight, chills quickly, keeps things fresh, opens with a snap, has high scrap value and can be recycled repeatedly. It's plentiful, too.

When you recycle aluminum, you save energy. It takes only 5 percent as much energy to recycle aluminum as it takes to make it the first time. Recycling aluminum, then, is very practical. And possible.

In 1970, Alcoa started a "Yes We Can" campaign to reclaim all-aluminum cans in the San Diego and Dallas-Fort Worth areas. Since then, over 200 million cans have been reclaimed for recycling in those cities alone.

Alcoa will pay as much as $200 a ton to any community reclamation center for all the used aluminum cans they can collect. We'll pay it because aluminum is a practical packaging material to recycle.

Alcoa would like to tell you how one community established its collection center.

Write for our brochure. We'll also send you a list of America's aluminum can reclamation centers.

Aluminum Company of America, 819 G Alcoa Building, Pittsburgh, Pa. 15219

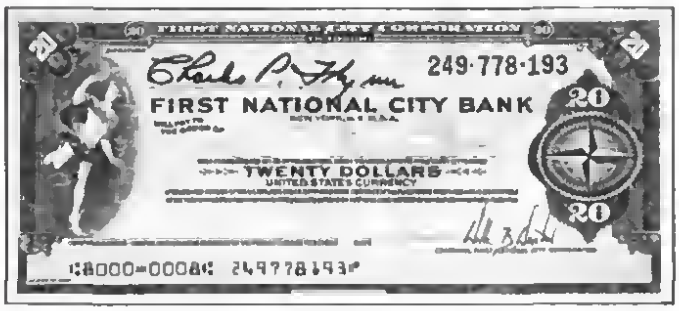
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Ask for them at your bank.

First National City Travelers Checks.

Two of Europe's authoritative motor magazines report on radial tire tests:

GOODYEAR STEEL-BELTED RADIAL RATED BEST

Germany's "Auto Zeitung," and the Austrian magazine "Auto Revue," have just published the results of months of competitive tire testing aimed at determining the best European-built radials.

In both reports, the new steel-belted Goodyear G800S was the winner on total rating points—against all other tires tested.

In the "Auto Zeitung" tests, the Goodyear G800S rated first in 6 of 9 performance categories, and was called a "clear winner" in overall point scores by the magazine. The chart below shows why.

AUTO ZEITUNG

Ranking	Brand	Total Test Points
1st	Goodyear G800S (Steel)	75
2nd	Uniroyal Rallye 180 (Steel)	64
3rd	Fulda Rasant (Steel)	63
4th	Kleber V10S Cablon (Fabric)	61
5th	Phoenix 2010 S (Steel)	59
6th	Semperit M 401 (Steel)	59
7th	Pirelli CN 54 (Steel)	53
8th	Conti TS 771 (Steel)	47
9th	Dunlop SP 4 (Steel)	47
10th	Michelin zX (Steel)	44

G800S DESIGN



In other comments on the tests, "Auto Zeitung" noted that "due to consistent development work, new brands take the lead and crowd out time-tested brands. From this pleasing progress the consumer will benefit."

It may seem strange to you to hear Goodyear called a "new" brand. Goodyear has been making radial tires in Europe for 14 years—but the *steel-belted* G800S was introduced there only last year, as the newest radial in Goodyear's complete line.

FIRST IN AUSTRIA, TOO

Summing up its tests, "Auto Revue" magazine reported "Goodyear's win is primarily due to its well-balanced overall ability to perform all tests well."

"Auto Revue" made ten performance tests, and again, as the chart shows, Goodyear's margin of superiority speaks for itself.

AUTO REVUE

Ranking	Brand	Total Test Points
1st	Goodyear G800S (Steel)	73
2nd	Pirelli CN 54 (Steel)	63
3rd	Semperit M 401 (Steel)	56
4th	Kleber V10GT (Fabric)	48
5th	Michelin zX (Steel)	45
6th	Dunlop SP57 (Fabric)	29

CAN YOU BUY A SET?

Because the G800S is built in Europe for European vehicles, it is available only in metric sizes.

The demand in Europe currently limits the quantities and sizes that are available everywhere in the U.S.A.

So, in some cases, you may have to wait for the specific G800S size to fit your imported car.

The Goodyear G800S Radial fits these imports:*

Alfa-Romeo	Lancia	Rover
Audi	Lotus	Saab
Austin-Healy	MG	Simca
BMW	Mazda	Subaru
Capri	NSU	Sunbeam
Daimler	Opel	Toyota
Datsun	Peugeot	Triumph
Fiat	Porsche	Volkswagen
Ford (English)	Renault	Volvo

*Sizes 155SR-13, 165SR-13, 165SR-14, 155SR-15, 165SR-15.

WILL IT FIT AMERICAN CARS, TOO?

Because of the metric size, the G800S will fit only a few American cars.

However, the Goodyear Custom Steelgard radial—while not identical to the G800S—is made in America in American sizes.

Adjusted to American roads and driving conditions, the Steelgard radial is engineered to the high standards Goodyear sets for all of our steel-belted radial tires.

The Goodyear Custom Steelgard radial is available now to fit most American cars. And, in some cases, it may even fit your imported car.

Check the Goodyear dealer or store in your area for the right Goodyear steel-belted radial for your car.

GOODYEAR

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

SPACE-TIME CONTINUUM

While James Van Alen's simplified system of tennis scoring (VASSS) has been around for a while, this season marks the first time a new method of keeping score has been authorized by the U. S. Lawn Tennis Association for tournaments whose results are used in ranking players. Specifically, tournament directors have been given permission to adopt the "no-ad" system, in which the first player to score four points wins a game. Under traditional scoring, players with three points apiece are tied at 40-all, or deuce, and one must then take two points in a row to win the game. In the experiment, the old scoring terms, love, 15, 30 and 40 are replaced by zero, one, two and three; players with three points each are tied 3–3, and whoever gains the next point wins the game 4–3.

In set scoring, a player must still have a two-game advantage to win, unless the score reaches six-all, when a nine-point tie-breaker is used to decide the set. Together, the set tie-breaker and the no-ad game speed play remarkably without hurting the competitive aspect of the sport. Carl Simonie, a Missouri Valley LTA official, has used the experimental system in every tournament he has run this season.

"In men's play," he says, "the average match was down from an hour and a half to an hour and 15 minutes, which is quite a bit of time over the course of a tournament. Reduction in women's play was more striking. Matches that used to average two to two-and-a-half hours were run off in about an hour and a half."

Simonie says that one tournament he conducted this spring drew 183 entries, had 12 courts and was run off in two days. In another, he handled 395 entries on 21 courts in three days.

One of the reasons for the USLTA experiment is to establish a compact, predictable length of time for a match. This would make tennis more palatable to television, which tends to choke on the possibility of marathon games and sets stretching a match far beyond scheduled coverage time. Of greater interest to the average tennis buff, however, is the increased availability of court space. Obviously, if games and sets are completed without delay, more players can be accommodated on the same courts in the same length of time. This is of considerable importance in light of the current rapid growth of tennis as a participant sport.

ECHO

A note from baseball's Class A Northwest League: the manager of Walla Walla is Cliff Ditto.

TEAM, TEAM, TEAM!

Tennis will have yet another new element next year—if the World Team Tennis League becomes more than a vision. WTTL is a revolutionary concept for the sport—a 17-team league with standings, playoffs, trades and a three-month, 44-match schedule. Each team will have a six-member squad—three men and three women—and a match will consist of three events: men's singles, women's singles and mixed doubles. Matches will be played indoors and will be designed to fit into a 2½-hour time slot "ideally suited for television," according to the league's hopeful publicity releases.

Money and managerial expertise are what the WTTL professes to have in abundance: its sponsors are said to have more than "$1 billion in assets" as well as experience in "all the pro sports in America." Yet, while the WTTL says it will operate next May, June and July, it has revealed no definite arena commitments. If it does go off on schedule, it will be bucking the French Open and Wimbledon. And, despite its optimism about the future, WTTL officials have yet to announce which players they expect to have.

There is another stumbling block. The new league will have to re-educate tennis fans. Those who cherish the traditional crescendo of a tournament—the progress of players from a large draw to semifinals and finals—may find the league plan alien and uninviting. Tennis stresses the individual, and it is difficult to imagine a fan identifying with a city instead of a star. Still, there *is* something appealing in the prospect of Stan Smith leading the Houston Far Outs into a pennant showdown with Rod Laver and the New York Sets.

BLASPHEMY

About the time the U. S. Open field was inundating the supposedly demanding Oakmont course with sub-par rounds, Jimmy Demaret, three-time Masters champion, was complaining that the U. S. Golf Association awards the Open to too many aging courses.

"Oakmont was fine in the old days," he said, "but who needs 187 sand traps? Take Olympic in San Francisco. It's a great course and it has only one fairway trap. *One* fairway trap. At Oakmont they put in all those traps to make the course tough, but it's outdated. The Model T was a good car in its time, but Ford makes better automobiles now. With 187 sand traps, Hermann Park [a Houston municipal course] would be a hell of a course."

He also took a swipe at famed Pebble Beach, site of the annual Crosby tournament and the 1972 U. S. Open. "If Pebble Beach were 50 miles inland," said the irreverent Demaret, "it wouldn't get a 50-cent greens fee."

A DIFFERENT LIFE

The Miami Dolphins, in their wisdom, made a running back named Joe Booker from Miami University in Ohio their No. 13 choice in the NFL draft. Now the Dolphins are slightly abashed because Booker has decided not to report.

"I guess you'd have to say the Dolphins are upset with me," Booker says. "They feel they wasted a draft choice. I feel kind of bad, but that's business."

Dolphin publicity said of the No. 13 pick: "Joe Booker, a strong-legged tackle breaker, carried the ball only 55 times for 257 yards and four touchdowns in his senior year at Miami of Ohio. Good cutting ability once he gets to the hole."

The only trouble was, Booker usually had to get to the hole from the bench, his accustomed position. "It was a total surprise to the whole campus when I was drafted," he says. "I mean, I didn't even start last season."

continued



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He talked at some length with Dolphin representatives. "They tried to persuade me to play," he says, "and a lot of people think I'm crazy. Getting a chance in pro football is every player's goal. For a while, it was mine, too."

Now, however, it is to be a teacher. Indeed, he was student-teaching when the draft news came. "They called me out of class to tell me. Walking back, I was already telling myself I could beat out Jim Kiick. Then I got to the room and looked at those kids, and I saw too many things that have to be done. I've experienced the same ups and downs they're in for. I realized then that football for me was only a meal ticket, a way to get an education."

Booker's decision to stick with teaching was influenced, too, by the realization he would be trying to break into a running attack led by Kiick, Larry Csonka and Mercury Morris. "If I had been drafted by another team and had been offered more money, I probably would have lost a little more sleep over it," he says. "But I've made my decision, and I'll have to stick with it. Maybe I'm turning my back on the Great American Dream but right now I simply consider the Dolphins' selection of me to be an honor. I prefer a different life."

HDME COOKING

Manager Eddie Mathews of the Atlanta Braves got a vote of confidence last week but, luckily, not from the club's owner or general manager, which is usually the kiss of death in baseball. Instead, he got his stamp of approval from the wives of the players. Mathews had chewed out his men for lack of concentration, saying, "They are going to have to learn you can't live a normal life during the season. It's not just on the road, either. When the team gets home, the players can't be taking their wives shopping, or cutting the lawn, or running around doing errands. You can't concentrate with all those diversions."

Instead of reacting indignantly at this intrusion into what could be considered their personal affairs, the wives were remarkably understanding.

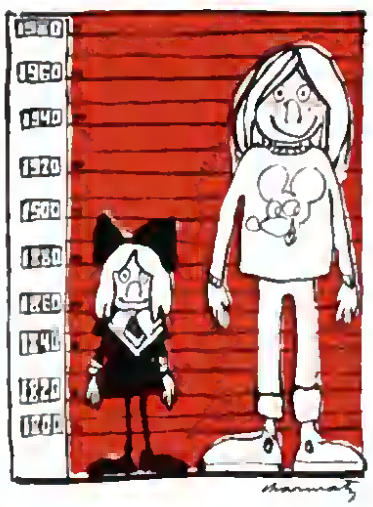
"I agree with Eddie," said Pitcher Phil Niekro's wife Nancy. "Phil never takes me shopping anyway. He used to do some work around the house, like cutting the grass, but now that he's starting every third day he takes it pretty easy and I'm not going to ask him to change."

Third Baseman Darrell Evans' wife Sandy said, "If the team is losing, the manager has the right to tell them what to do at home. We don't go out that much anyway." She did point out that the Braves were playing better at home than on the road and added, "Maybe it's the home cooking. I keep Darrell on a steady diet of tacos. That's what he wants three meals a day."

Pitcher Carl Morton's wife Sandi said the matter had never come up before in her husband's career. But, she said, "As far as I'm concerned, if it will help Carl win he can loaf in bed all day if he wants. I'll wait until October to hit him with some work."

SD BIG

The U.S. Public Health Service says American children, even at the lowest economic levels, are among the world's biggest. White American kids are larger



than most European children and black American youngsters are bigger than their African counterparts. There has been a steady increase in both height and weight for 90 years, with today's American children 10% taller and up to 30% heavier than those in 1880.

Apropos the continuing wrangle over whether young girls should be allowed to compete in sports with young boys, the report says that at the age of six, boys (both white and black) are slightly taller and heavier than girls, but at 11—prime Little League age—the girls are bigger. No significant differences were found to exist between city kids and their country cousins. However, there were social and economic differences. Generally, the higher the family income and the better educated the parents are, the taller and heavier the children will be.

GDDDE PREDICTING

According to Bud Goode and his Sports Computer, which sounds like a title in a series of modern Tom Swift books for boys, the National Football League will proceed as follows this fall: Miami again will go undefeated (thus extending its spectacular winning streak to a far-side-of-the-moon 34), topping things by again beating the Redskins (13-1) in the Super Bowl. Other division champions will be Green Bay (13-0-1), Pittsburgh (12-2), Oakland (8-3-3) and Los Angeles (7-7). Goode has bad news for St. Louis, Philadelphia, New Orleans, Houston and New England, predicting that their combined record will be four wins, 64 losses and two ties (the Patriots will be a neat 0-14).

Lest you dismiss this as computerized nonsense, Goode says that in 1972 the computer picked all seven playoff games correctly, including Miami in an upset over Washington by eight points (the Dolphins won by seven). And it had six of seven right in the 1971 playoffs.

All right, Goode. Blast off.

DEAD NDRSE DEPARTMENT

Lambasting track and field officials for persistent stupidity is old hat, but how can you avoid it when they keep trudging on from gaffe to gaffe?

Fran Sichting of Southwestern Oregon Community College ran the 220-yard dash in 23.2 seconds in May to better the American women's record. But because no one had thought to provide a wind gauge for the meet, which is required to determine whether any following wind is within allowable limits, the time could not be submitted as a record.

Then in June the persistent Mrs. Sichting again ran the 220 in 23.2, this time in a semifinal heat at the Women's AAU Track and Field Championships at Irvine, Calif. But abashed meet officials announced that the record did not count because Sichting ran in the ninth lane, and the rules recognize only records established in the first eight lanes. Never mind the reasons for the difference between legal eighth and illegal ninth. Stay with the officials for a moment. Mike Hodges, Sichting's coach, asked one of them why they had allowed her to run in

continued



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the ninth lane if it were not totally acceptable. "He told me," Hodges said, "that he did not expect anyone to break a record in the semifinals."

A marvelous answer. How can you argue with it? Go beat a dead horse.

MORE ON ALUMINUM

The infiltration of aluminum bats into baseball got a lift this spring when the NCAA gave the Big Ten and the Indiana Collegiate Conference permission to use the bats in conference play. As the season ended, an IC C survey revealed that all seven coaches in that conference were strongly pro-aluminum, mostly for reasons of economy. College baseball is not revenue-producing, and costs must be held to a minimum. The yearly expense for wooden bats in the IC C averages $257 a team, for metal bats only $85.

The players, reluctant at first, began to like the bats. They did not care for the strange pinging sound at contact, but they felt the ball came off the bat with greater velocity. They also said they got "good wood" on the ball even when they hit it down on the handle. And the bats did not sting as much as wood in cold weather. One coach said the "sweet spot" on the aluminum bats covered twice as much area as on wood.

Domed stadiums, artificial turf, metal bats. Who says baseball doesn't change?

THEY SAID IT

• Billy Graham, evangelist, on the Lord's role in sports: "I don't think there is anything wrong with a man who wants to give credit to the Lord, but I don't think the team with the most Christians on it is necessarily going to win. The Lord may be helping their characters and souls, but I don't think he's any more for the Dodgers than he is for the Braves. More than being concerned with who's going to win the Super Bowl, I feel the Lord is probably more concerned that they might find a day other than Sunday to play it on."

• Jack Grout, golf pro whose pupils included Jack Nicklaus: "In my 62 years, I have seen only two golfers stand too close to the ball. Most golfers stand too far away and throw themselves off balance reaching out as they swing."

• Bill Veeck, freelance commentator on sport: "Little League is a disaster. It exists for parents who are trying vicariously to recover an ability of their own that never really existed." END



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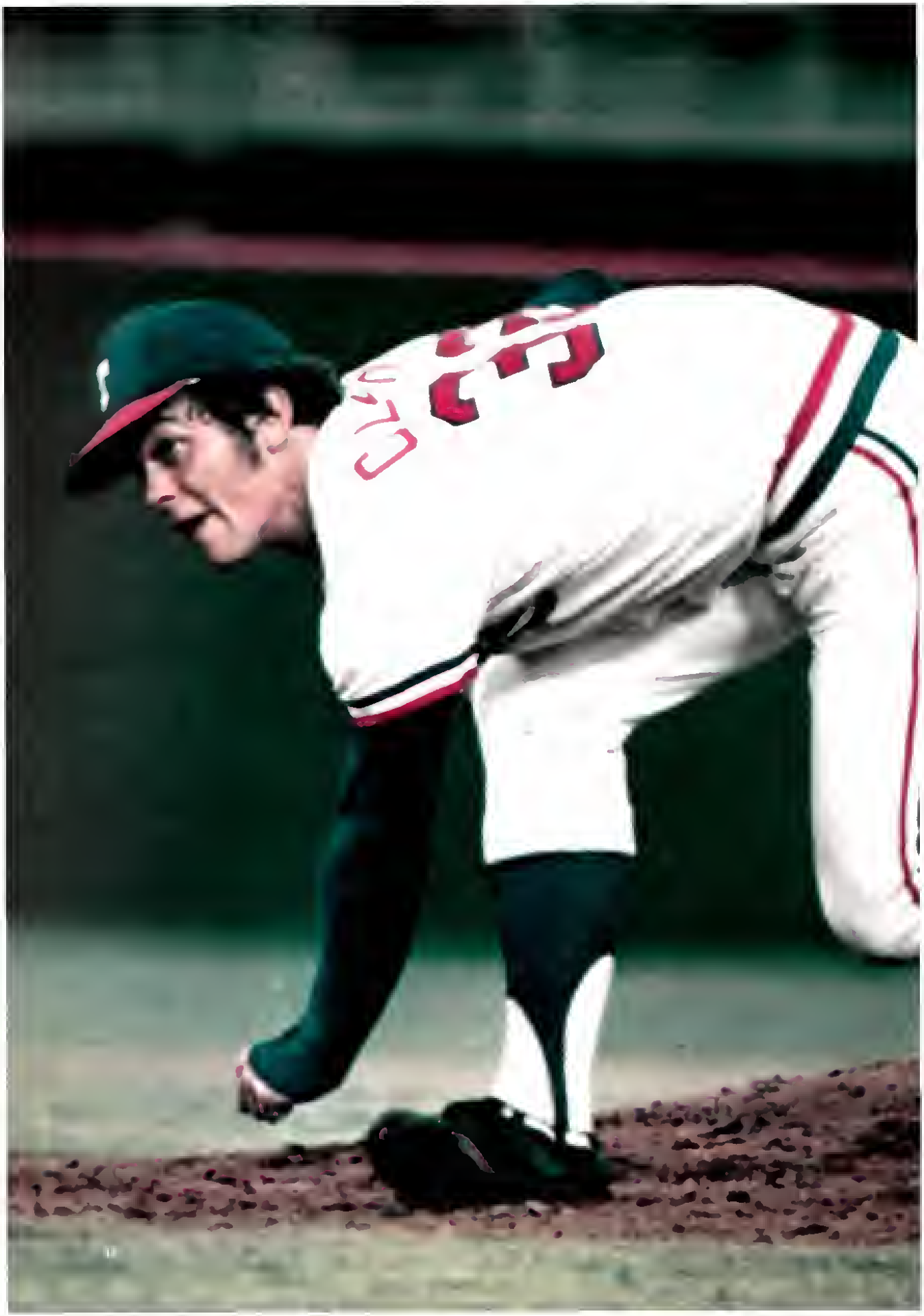
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Sports Illustrated
JULY 9, 1973

BONNY DEBUT FOR CLYDE

A gunner fresh out of high school, David Clyde, 18, draws a full house to a Texes ball perk for his first mejor league appeerence **by RON FIMRITE**

It remained for the mayor of Arlington, Texas himself to put the Big Event in historical perspective. "From now on," said the Hon. Tom Vandergriff, "time here shall be marked from June 27, 1973."

It is a date that shall live in infancy, for on this night in Arlington Stadium, David Clyde, a stripling of 18, began his major league baseball career by pitching the Texas Rangers to a 4–3 win over the Minnesota Twins. The lad went five innings, threw 112 pitches, struck out eight, walked seven and allowed only one hit, a two-run homer. It was a startling performance for a youngster only 19 days out of Westchester High School in Houston, but it was much more than that — an awakening of interest, perhaps, in a community that has steadfastly ignored its baseball team.

Clyde, at least, is not easily ignored. He is a left-handed fastball pitcher whose achievements at Westchester High—an 18-0 record in his senior year with an earned run average of 0.18 and 328 strikeouts in 148⅓ innings—were trumpeted throughout the state. The first player selected in the June 5 major league draft, he had been judged by virtually every scout who saw him as the finest schoolboy pitcher in the nation. He was signed by the Rangers to a contract that called for a bonus of approximately $125,000 and a free college education. And, as his numberless interviews over the past few weeks established, he is a teen-ager of extraordinary tact and maturity, one who is humble, courteous and agreeably respectful of his elders. He has curly brown hair, wide blue eyes and a bashful smile. He is 6′ 1″ and he weighs a muscular 190. He is obviously a creation of the late lamented Ralph Henry Barbour.

A paragon of this sort does not just slip into the Rangers' starting rotation; he enters the lists like a knight-errant. So lavish had the publicity been that by June 27 the aroused fans of the Dallas-Fort Worth megalopolis were prepared to accept nothing less than the new Sandy Koufax—who just happens to be Clyde's idol. Before Clyde, these same citizens had embraced the Rangers about as warmly as they might the Miami Dolphins. The team drew but 662,974 spectators in 1972, a dreary average of 8,840 per game, and until June 27 this year's total attendance had been running nearly 40,000 below last season's. It has been suggested that the Rangers deserved their inattention: they were dead last in the

continued

Clyde at work, throwing "easy heat," and kicking along nicely in his fifth, final inning



American League West in 1972; they are dead last today.

Consider then what occurred on David Clyde Night, as the occasion has come to be known. All 35,698 seats in Arlington Stadium had been sold by 9:30 that morning and another 10,000 prospective ticket-buyers were turned away. The 10,000-car parking lot was filled to overflowing and traffic on the Dallas-Fort Worth Turnpike was stalled so drastically that the start of the game had to be postponed 15 minutes. Since moving west from Washington, which they left because they felt unloved, the Rangers had drawn only four crowds above 20,000, the largest being 24,222. It took Clyde to lure the perennial absentees out of their television rooms. It was a child who led them.

"The people came on just a promise, a hope," said Mayor Vandergriff, gathering oratorical momentum. "But David Clyde made it clear that people here will respond to a product that is exciting. He wasn't just a fairy tale coming out of Houston. He was a dream come true."

There was, in fact, an Oz-like quality to David Clyde Night. All three of the neighboring amusement parks—Six Flags over Texas, Seven Seas, Lion Country Safari—were represented in pregame ceremonies that challenged the imagination. There were two bands, although one seemed to dissolve into the other. There was a trio of grass-skirted Polynesian dancers. There were two lion cubs, a papier-mâché giraffe on wheels and a young man named Mike Bondurant who was dressed as an "Orchin," a mythical creature, apparently half bird and half fish, which, according to the creative department at Seven Seas, is the legendary playmate of whales. Bondurant, all feathers and scales, is actually the master of ceremonies for the dolphin show in the park. He cut a bizarre and incongruous figure in center field, although it must be said for him that, despite the burden of his costume, which included a beak that opened and closed, he stood loyally erect at the playing of the national anthem.

While the early comers, sweltering in 90° heat, were thus diverted, Clyde sat quietly in the clubhouse steeling himself for the ordeal ahead. Team Owner Robert E. Short, aglow in a patterned white sport coat and royal blue double-knit slacks, had come in from a tour of the premises. One half expected him to draw Clyde aside and, quoting from Warner Baxter, whisper in his ear, "You're going out there a youngster. You've just got to come back a star."

Clyde dressed slowly, fastidiously, like a young matador pulling on a suit of lights. Indeed, when he stepped into the arena the crowd responded as if he were a *torero* prepared to meet the deadly beast. And true to the part, Clyde waved ceremonially to the crowd and smiled winningly at his girl friend, petite Cheryl Crawford of Houston. His father, J. E. Clyde, urged him on with a victory gesture. Literally the entire Clyde family was there in the stands, said David's mother. So were his old high school coach, Bob French; his high school principal, David Figari; his Little League coach, Pete Ramirez, and dozens of former teammates and opponents. It was no time, as Clyde well knew, to choke.

But he nearly did. His first pitch of the game—of his professional career—was to the Twins' Jerry Terrell. A ball, ruled Plate Umpire Ron Luciano, a decision noisily denounced by the multitude. Terrell and the second hitter, defending American League batting champion Rod Carew, walked, Carew on four pitches. Neither offered to swing at a Clyde pitch, it being the strategy of Twins Manager Frank Quilici to test the rookie's control early, then force him to throw fastballs over the plate to the team's premier fastball hitter, the powerful Bobby Darwin.

But Quilici underestimated the quality and accuracy of the Clyde fastball. He throws what the Ranger pitching coach, Chuck Estrada, defines as "easy heat," which is to say it comes suddenly to the hitter after a deceptively relaxed windup. At his age, Clyde does not throw with the power of such renowned fireballers as Nolan Ryan or Sam McDowell, but his pitch is constantly on the move. So is his curveball, although on this night it was moving out of the strike zone.



More at issue after the first two walks was Clyde's fortitude. Would he come apart after such an unpromising beginning? No, he would not. He struck out Darwin. He struck out George Mitterwald. He struck out Joe Lis. The fans were jubilant. They *were* seeing the new Koufax! (The old Koufax made his first big-league start at 19, walking eight and not surviving five innings against Pittsburgh.)

Clyde nearly came a cropper in the second inning, however, when he walked four batters and tossed a home-run ball to Mike Adams, a .105 hitter. He would have been much more harshly abused had not Ranger Catcher Ken Suarez thrown out two of the walkees attempt-

Dad and Mom are joyful. Behind them, AL's Joe Cronin and Rangers' Bob Short are hopeful.



PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY TRIOLO



Topless after his feat, the self-possessed hero meets the press in Rangers dressing room.

ing to steal second. But from then on, he was in control. He retired the side seriatim in both the third and fourth innings. It had been announced on the public address system that the fifth inning would be Clyde's final one, and when he emerged from it unseathed he was favored with a rousing minutes-long standing ovation.

The most demonstrative of all were Bob Short, who had gambled and, for once, won, and Whitey Herzog, who had dark suspicions before the game that the gamble would fail. These two, owner and manager, had held divergent theories about the wisdom of starting a boy pitcher in a major league game without some ego-boosting experience in the bushes.

Herzog, a plainspoken man who spent five years in the minors before he was retained on a big-league roster, had argued, however feebly, the negative. He has, he said, seen too many young pitchers ruined by being asked to do too much too soon. He yet retains such concerns about Clyde.

"I've got nothing to do with it," he said in his office before the game, "but if I was the director of player personnel here, as I was with the Mets, I tell you I'd be raising hell about this. A young pitcher in his first year should be out where he can dominate. Look at Pete Broberg and Steve Dunning on our staff. Both of them tried to become big-league pitchers before they were ready. A kid takes a shellacking or two and his confidence suffers. But I'll say this, Clyde does have confidence. *He* doesn't think he shouldn't be here."

Short, who may be baseball's least effective wheeler-dealer, sees in Clyde hope for the future, both immediate and distant. Short could use some luck. When he was operating his franchise in Washington, he gambled that the litigious Curt Flood could return triumphantly to the game he was suing. Short lost. He gambled again that Denny McLain could regain his 31-win form. Well, you can't win 'em all. He gambled that Ted Williams could be as successful at managing as he was at playing. Maybe next time. And finally, after a protracted brouhaha, he moved his team out of Washington to Arlington in the hope that Texans would find it deep in their hearts to support him. Because of an attractive stadium rental agreement—he pays only a dollar a year up to a million attendance—he should not lose money in Arlington but, before Clyde, his athletes had repelled the fans.

Clyde's girl friend, Cheryl Crawford, displays a comely smile and a picture of David.



On the afternoon of David Clyde Night, Short had occasion to reflect on his life as the proprietor of a loser. His face, scarlet from hours at poolside under the pitiless Texas sun, clouded over as the old failures paraded past him in retrospect.

"After the assortment of genuinely rotten things that have happened to me," he said, ignoring his own not inconsiderable role in the various calamities, "something's gotta work. Maybe Clyde is it."

Still, when it was announced that the young pitcher would be thrust into the breach without benefit of minor league tutoring, Short was criticized in some knowledgeable circles as an exploiter. He fairly bristled at the mention of so merciless a judgment.

"Sure, Bob Short can be accused of exploiting," he said with less than Olympian detachment, "but all I'm doing is giving this kid a chance he's earned. I guarantee you that if he had been signed by any one of the other clubs, he'd be a starter today. Look, I've got a big investment here. I'm not going to risk losing it by ruining Clyde's career for the sake of one big box-office appearance."

The next day Clyde himself was too busy bathing in the warmth of public affection to take much heed of these arguments. But, surprisingly enough, he said he would not object if the Rangers found it necessary to farm him out. "If I'm not helping this team," he said, sincere as always, "and I'm losing confidence, then I wouldn't want to take up space here. I'm not kidding when I say I would've signed for popcorn to play professional baseball. I love this life. I've already had so many thrills. I was tingling all over when I went out there last night. All those people! I loved it. Now, I guess you could say I'm both relieved and disappointed, disappointed because of all those walks. It was agreed I would leave the game after a hundred pitches. I thought I was gonna throw that many in the first inning and still not get anybody out. I was lucky on a lot of pitches."

He paused, anticipating the inevitable.

"No, I'm no franchise saver. This franchise doesn't need saving. All it needs is a few wins."

On the night after Clyde pitched, the Rangers drew 3,992. That day, tickets for Clyde's next start, on Monday, went on sale. Some 25,000 were sold in three days.

Maybe the mayor is right. **END**

HE FORGOT TO SAY FILL 'ER UP

Rogar McCluskey was in tha laad, he had alraady made 10 trips to the gas station, and ha hoped ha could sneak in ona last lap. Instaad, came an anergy crisis, and A. J. Foyt tankad up with $94,000 **by BROCK YATES**

The third annual Pocono 500 did not really end. It sort of ran down slowly, scattering a trail of shredded brakes and fractured pistoo rings across the Pennsylvania countryside. The race, from the now-standard, Indy-type first-lap crash to the whacky finish that saw Roger McCluskey run out of fuel on the final lap and thereby transfer a certain victory to a rather surprised A. J. Foyt, was not so much a single competition as a series of ragged sprints. These moments were roughly connected by 10 caution-flag slowdowns, a number of nasty crashes, mechanical failures that eliminated three-quarters of the field and a stupefying 245 pit stops.

The bizarre ending was somehow symbolic of the entire affair, which was to proper automobile racing what Olsen and Johnson and *Hellzapoppin* were to subtle humor. Fortunately no one was seriously injured, even though Johnny Rutherford managed to spin his McLaren *in* the middle of traffic on the first turn of the first lap, and eight laps later Al Unser clouted the wall in the same corner so lustily that he sprained his neck and caused the entire race to be red-flagged for three-quarters of an hour while workmen welded and bolted the steel-plate retaining wall back into place. "Here we are at the greatest race in the East and we're at the mercy of the steelworkers' union," moaned one enthusiast while the torches hissed and crackled.

From that point on, the Schaefer Pocono 500, to use its properly commercial title, slipped further away from reality, with the giant, sun-baked crowd of perhaps 75,000 watching an endless string of drivers assume the lead only to forfeit it with visits to the pits. Thanks to hasty, post-Indy rule changes, the cars were able to run only 50 to 55 miles between fuel stops, which meant that no one—not even the fast men like Gordon Johncock, Mario Andretti and Bobby Unser—was able to take command of the race.

Andretti was perhaps the quickest man in the entire field, but a variety of turbocharger ailments kept his red and white Parnelli in the pits for much of the afternoon before it finally failed him completely *in* the closing laps. Johncock and Bobby Unser ran at the front for much of the way, but a slipping clutch canceled Unser's effort and Johncock blew a tire on the front straightaway, going into a masterful 200 mph slide for life past the gasping throngs.

That left a pair of USAC's hoariest veterans to scrap for the victory. Roger McCluskey, at 42 years one of the senior citizens of the Indy scene, and A. J. Foyt, who needs little introduction, sailed into the final laps at the head of one of the sorriest fields of cripples in the history of



Playing out a tense ballet that was all too familiar at Pocono, McCluskey's crew moves in. Unhappily, they ended up one dance act short.

the sport. Behind them were a meager six machines, most of which were staggering around the immense tri-oval like refugees from an antique car rally. They ranged from Joe Leonard's Parnelli and its ruptured transmission to Sam Posey's Eagle and its leaky oil line to Mike Hiss' cranky, slow-running machine.

McCluskey, on the other hand, was cruising in fine fashion, with a 12-second lead over Foyt as he headed into the sunset. But Foyt had rushed into the pits seven laps from the end to take on a few extra slurps of fuel while McCluskey, for some unexplained reason, appeared to be trying to make it home without another stop. After all, he had already come in 10 times for fuel and perhaps he objected to another visit to the pits as a matter of principle.

This meant that he was trying to squeeze an extra 15 miles from his allotment of methanol. His gamble failed and he coughed to a stop just around the first turn, a mile and a half from victory and a $94,000 payoff. Foyt simply motored past and took the win—at an average speed of 144.944 mph—his fourth major 500-mile career victory in this class, this one vaguely reminiscent of his 1961 Indianapolis triumph when leader Eddie Sachs stopped to change a tire three laps from the end. "We just miscalculated," mumbled McCluskey's crew chief from the solitude of the loser's garage.

The fact that Pocono was such a confusing, disjointed affair—lacking the smooth, balletlike continuity of quality motor racing—was directly traceable to the pit stops, the number of which were more than double that of any 500-mile championship race in recent history.

The Keystone Kops routine that took place in the Pocono pits was part of the legacy of Indianapolis and the black comedy that unfolded there four weeks ago during the granddaddy 500-mile race of them all. Reeling from the barrage of criticism following that sad and bloody event, the United States Auto Club, the sanctioning body for Indy-style competition, met in emergency session and adopted a series of stopgap regulations to lower speeds and increase driver safety. There were three key changes: a reduction of total fuel allotment from 375 gallons to 340 gallons per car for the 500-mile races at Pocono and Ontario; a slicing of the on-board fuel capacity of the cars from 75 gallons to 40; and the trim-

continued



ming of the rear airfoils or wings (whose aerodynamic downforce has been primarily responsible for the big gains in lap speeds during the past few seasons) from a width of 64 inches to 55 inches. As with many decisions made in haste, certain unexpected flaws rose up to haunt the USAC Establishment.

It took the crew chiefs who maintain the Eagles, McLarens, Parnellis *et al.* about 15 minutes to make the required changes—and to keep their 900 hp machines running every bit as quickly as before. They merely removed the right side saddle tank as required (the logic being that this container was most vulnerable to rupture in collisions with the retaining wall) and filled the void with a variety of nonflammable, energy-absorbing materials. Dan Gurney's crew, for example, stuffed the space full of standard household insulation. The wings were hacksawed down to the new dimensions, then more sharply angled to provide essentially the same downforce as before, much as a pilot might use more flaps. In fact, the "Pocono pruning," as the operation was called, was no problem at all. The designer of the Andretti, Al Unser and Joe Leonard cars simply snipped three inches from each end to meet the limit.





Two aspects of racing luck: Indy Champion Johncock blows a tire and his hopes, and A. J. Foyt smiles after fortune smiled mightily on him.

The fact that USAC's yearnings for lower speed were doomed was apparent practically as soon as the first squat, slab-sided Indy machines yelped out of the Pocono pits in the opening practice sessions. They were running even faster than the year before.

By the time qualifying ended Peter Revson, whose international rich-kid, hero-driver image often befogs the fact that he is a superior racing talent, had won the pole position at a speed of 190.648 mph. That was better than one mile an hour faster than last year's best time set by Bobby Unser. What is more, the average qualifying speed for the entire 33-car field blossomed from 177.3 mph in 1972 to 183.5 mph—up 6.2 mph. So much for the campaign to dampen the speeds.

But the monster velocities were not the main problem. After all, Pocono International Raceway is a new and modern track whose 100-foot-wide straights and substantially banked turns are much more accommodating to 200 mph than the narrow, treacherous old ogre at Indy. The trouble spot was pit row, that vast avenue of asphalt at Pocono where the race cars zoom in for fuel and tire replenishment.

Turbocharged, high-stressed engines make fantastic demands on fuel, and even the most timid, balloon-footed driver could only expect to run about 1.7 miles per gallon. With the previous 75-gallon limit, four or five pit stops were necessary to complete a 500-miler, but with tank size pared to 40 gallons, drivers faced the prospect of making 10 or more stops during the race.

Nor is the pit area as safe as it looks. Periodic batches of mildly crazed drivers come roaring into this restricted area all at once—and here come waves of overzealous pitmen, fuel-tank fillers, tire changers, observers and firemen leaping over the wall to begin a kind of mad, double-time version of the pause that refreshes. The risk of collision, fire and lesser disasters was serious enough under the old regulations, but the new tactics demanded by the severely cut fuel limit, wherein a car would run no more than 19 or 20 minutes between stops, conjured up images of the final race scene in *On the Beach.*

Dr. Joseph Mattioli, the Philadelphia dentist who is chairman of the board of Pocono, had well perceived the potential for chaos. In a prerace telegram to USAC, Dr. Mattioli said that with the added stops and the increased prospects for crashes, he was "fearful of utter confusion." A few hours before the race, with the constricted, forested roads leading to his track clogged with motor homes and enough generalized motoring effluvia to assure a huge crowd, Dr. Mattioli sat in his office and reflected on the situation, his thick gray sideburns bristling. "I watched Indianapolis on television and couldn't help but be concerned. We love the sport and have a lot of money invested and therefore we were quite upset at what transpired. Some of the press seemed to portray Indy as a torture chamber, as if the officials there did it all on purpose. That is, of course, not true, but the fact remains that the cars have become too fast.

"Now we, as track owners, can't change our speedways every 10 years to accommodate the increasing speed of the cars. Therefore, we've got to modify the cars, either through the use of stock-block engines or the amount of total fuel allowed—which would force de-tuning for better mileage and lower speeds. Actually, I think they've created a lot more problems than they've cured by cutting the on-board fuel limits and increasing the number of pit stops. We can end up having all kinds of troubles in the pits, what with some cars coming in at speeds up to 150 mph and others dragging out at full speed. It scares me. Yes, it scares me. If we have another situation like Indianapolis, I am frankly concerned about legislation to ban auto racing. I think the situation is that serious.

"What's more, I have this recurring nightmare. What with the very low reliability of the turbocharged engines and the limit on fuel consumed during the race, I wake up at night with this awful dream that somewhere around 10 laps from the end there are no more cars running. None. All the cars have either broken or run out of fuel and the track is empty. Just 10 miles to run and the track is empty! That's my nightmare."

Sam Posey had similar nocturnal visions. Posey is a thoughtful, perceptive man, given to deeper reflections and perhaps greater spates of abstract thinking than any other driver. Standing in the quiet Pocono pit area the day before the race, the mountain stillness broken only by the occasional crackle of an Offy engine being tuned in the garage area, he scanned the empty track and observed, "It is entirely possible to lose two seconds while entering the pits and another two seconds while exiting. If your brakes misbehave or your engine misses slightly, such a loss is perfectly within reason—even if the stop itself goes absolutely on schedule. Therefore, if you made 10 normal stops tomorrow but had four seconds worth of lost time on each one, that would translate into nearly a full lap penalty over the 500-mile distance. What is more, with all of the expected traffic in the pits, it could be mass confusion, and with the cars racing away from the stops, this may mark the first time that USAC has sanctioned a drag race."

As it turned out, Dr. Mattioli's nightmare about total car failure did not become a reality, although no less than 26 of the 33 starters broke down or crashed before the end and there was that eerie moment when McCluskey's car sputtered into silence and slowly pulled over to come to rest like a wound-down toy. And there were no outright crashes in the Pocono pits, but there were a number of near misses that do not bode well. No one in the USAC fraternity is particularly satisfied with the present state of affairs, but few are willing to press for immediate indictments. "The change was a quick reaction to the problems at Indianapolis," said Gurney, who is not only a former driving star, but the builder of the fine Eagle machines. "I think they'll make some more improvements when they've had more time to measure the results."

Based on the madness at Pocono, a rising number of car owners, Gurney and friendly rival Parnelli Jones included, are pressing hard for two logical changes to improve the competition and perhaps end the pit stop epidemic, namely a move away from the fuel-hungry, unreliable turbocharged engines toward lower-powered, stock-block power plants, and a further reduction of the limit for the total amount of fuel available for the 500 miles. If more improvements in the USAC rules are not forthcoming, it is possible that Dr. Mattioli's bad dream will come true—and bad races will be a certainty. **END**

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEINZ KLUETMEIER



CRUNCH WENT THE BIG RED APPLE

Just for laughs—and $75,000—Secretariat ate up another field, this time before an adoring audience in the Midwest

by GEORGE PLIMPTON

It was just about what everybody expected. Penny Tweedy and her trainer, Lucien Laurin, brought the great horse to the Midwest, keeping their promise to let the people watch him run, and he performed as he should have. Perhaps there were a few moments of worry—but largely for the overly superstitious. Secretariat was trying for his 13th win, and Arlington Park, in the northwest area of Chicago, is known as the "Graveyard of Favorites." It was there that four famed horses coming off victories in some or all of the Triple Crown races—Twenty Grand, Johnstown, Whirlaway and Iron Liege—were upset.

Secretariat's start in last week's $125,000 Invitational was poor: a stutter-step as he came out of the gate put him off last behind his three opponents—My Gallant, Our Native and Blue Chip Dan. But before the horses even turned up the backstretch, Jockey Ron Turcotte had moved Secretariat into the lead. By the half-mile pole the 1-to-20 favorite had settled into that absolutely steady motion of a racehorse in high gear, smooth and clean, and behind him the competition began hobby-horsing, like boats bouncing in a wake, and he came home nine lengths in front of a weary My Gallant. His time was 1:47 just one-fifth of a second off the track record for the mile and an eighth. With a better start, a horse to press him and less how to his turns, Secretariat might have posted a time that would have stood for a century.

The largest Arlington crowd in three decades—41,223—was on hand for the exhibition, and there was constant applause from the moment the horse appeared on the track. There were many young people on hand, including college girls with bare midriffs and painful-looking sunburns, and in the infield, opened for the first time in memory, bands played, a large group had a beer keg set on a wheelchair, and as Secretariat turned into the stretch the infield crowd roared him home and hundreds of arms shot up in the power salute.

Once again, racing has a people's











horse Man o' War was the first of these. As one of the obituaries said of him when he died 25 years ago: "He touched the imagination of men, and they saw different things in him. But one thing they will all remember, that he brought an exaltation into their hearts."

Since then the idols of racing fans often have been thoroughbreds who seemed to have emerged from nowhere . . . like Stymie of the '40s, the claimer from nonillustrious parents (his 10 closest relatives won a total of $1,615), whose habit was to study the crowds on his way to the starting gate, and whose eventual winnings totaled almost a million dollars, or little Carry Back, the product of two nondescripts named Saggy and Joppy, and yet his stretch runs left racing men heady, or Silky Sullivan, with an equivalent background, the flash-in-the-pan Western horse who came out of the starting gate as if answering a doorbell at two a.m., and who introduced the split screen to television race viewing because his stretch drives started from so far back (31½ lengths to win in the Santa Anita Derby) that a special camera was used to keep an eye on him, and more recently Canonero II, the big copper colt who was sold for $1,200 as a yearling and was brought from Venezuela by three men who couldn't speak English and shouted "viva!" into anything that looked like a microphone as their horse won two legs of the Triple Crown before going lame and failing in the third.

Who were some of the others? Tom Fool, whom Marianne Moore wrote poetry about. Native Dancer, the first equine television star, whose light gray stood out on the screens as he mugged for the cameras, rearing in the winner's circle. An intelligent, playful animal, the country knew him as "The Dancer," and through the 19 years he has been retired to stud he has continued to receive fan letters, especially on Valentine's Day ("Native Dancer, I love you"). And Kelso, the plain, smallish gelding who was Horse-of-the-Year for five straight campaigns (1960-1964), running in the handicaps with the weights piled on

continued

him until at the end he must have felt he was pulling a garden roller out of the starting gate.

Sometimes it was a physical characteristic that caught the public's eye and extended the horse's popularity—the odd deformed left forefoot of Assault that got him nicknamed "The Club-Footed Comet," or the simple visual delight of Whirlaway's long tail that reached below his fetlocks and streamed far behind him when he ran.

But what about this newest name on the list—why this enormous affection and adulation for Secretariat? Not the oldest hand at Belmont could recall such a welter of noise as came out of the stands when he won the Triple Crown—a particular phenomenon since a frenzy of that sort is usually produced by a close race, a pack of horses coming down the stretch with everyone yelling for his favorite. But at Belmont, Secretariat was miles in front and yet there was ear-splitting bedlam. The tumult seemed to buoy Secretariat along, speeding him toward the finish like the crest of a wave carries the surfer, and he had his extraordinary record, knocking $2\frac{3}{5}$ seconds off the time for the mile and a half.

Such was the exhilaration at Belmont that even the jockeys on the losing horses were caught up in it. They joked and carried on after the race, intoxicated by what had happened, as if they were pleased, even though vanquished, to have been identified with Secretariat's historic triumph.

Perhaps it can be said that one of the reasons for these outbursts of affection is that Secretariat has provided a necessary tonic at a time when so much of sport, beginning with the horror of the Olympics, has seemed caught up in the complex throes of power plays, and personality thrusts, and venality, and hints of scandal and fraud—all of it a reflection of the national scene where heroic qualities seem at a minimum. In a sporting event where the public so often looks for the metaphor of simple, uncomplicated excellence, the big red horse has come along and provided it, and made the air seem a little cleaner and nicer to breathe. Perhaps that is why so many young people have turned up to see him run. He is uncorruptible, and strong, and beautiful (the girls' mouths drop open slightly when they see him from the rail), and he eats enormously, and yawns a lot, and he is wholesome, and above all he is unbelievably good, not only in performance but also in demeanor. He has perhaps done three things in his life which he would regret. In the Champagne Stakes he bumped Stop the Music in the shoulder during the stretch run and was dropped from first place; when he was a 2-year-old he accidentally stepped on a kitten in his stall and did it in; in this year's Wood Memorial he ran a sloppy race, his mind on something else, possibly that kitten, and he finished third.

The public joy he causes has not been diminished a jot by these indiscretions. Nearly 6,000 winning tickets ranging from $100 to $2 denominations have yet to be cashed in from Secretariat's victory in the Belmont. Presumably they are being pasted lovingly into scrapbooks, an act of devotion that represents an unexpected $20,200 bonanza for New York State. Mrs. Tweedy autographed dozens of these tickets at Secretariat's last morning workout at Belmont before he was shipped by air to Chicago for the Arlington Invitational.

His fan mail is considerable, ranging from 50 to 200 letters a day, and an extra secretary has been called in to handle it. Mrs. Tweedy opened a letter the other day and read, "You're so beautiful. I'd like to put my arms around you and give you a big hug."

"But then I noticed the top of the letter," she said. "It was addressed to Secretariat, not to me."

Another letter asked what Secretariat's stud service fee was going to be. The writer wanted to breed him with his Appaloosa pony. Mrs. Tweedy did not have the heart to reply that breeding shares in the horse cost $190,000 before he even won the Triple Crown, and now they would fetch a great deal more.

For some people the fan letter is not enough. They must come to see him. When Secretariat arrived at Chicago's O'Hare Airport, an elderly couple, the Ray Klings from Glenview, Ill., were there to meet him. They had waited four hours. Apparently the Klings have a penchant for going to arrivals of this sort. They had seen Whirlaway unloaded at Midway Airport years before. "He was some ham, that Whirlaway," Mrs. Kling said, thinking back to that day. Secretariat was only in sight for 10 seconds or so as he came down the ramp from his Electra turboprop and disappeared into a van. Asked if the four-hour wait was worth it, Mrs. Kling replied, "Yes, *heavens yes*. This is much more exciting than Lindbergh's landing. And I was *there*," she added defiantly.

At the Arlington barns his fans came by the hundreds to look for him.

"Where's the Big Horse?"

"Where's the one that did it?"

They aim their Instamatics past the guards lolling in the beach chairs at the end of the shed row and whistle for Secretariat to peer out of his stall. They ask for souvenirs, a clip of chestnut hair from his mane. They gossip about him like a movie star.

"How does he sleep?"

"Horses sleep standing up a lot of the time."

"No kidding?"

"He's a star. He sleeps in the nude, standing up."

"G'wan!"

"Hey, look! He's looking out."

Secretariat likes to peer out of his stall from underneath the protective webbing across the open door so that looking down the shed row one sees the line of horses' heads at the normal eye level, and then beyond, a horse peering out of his stall at kneecap level.

"What's wrong with that horse? He's either lying down or he's got awful short legs."

The guard leans forward. "That's Secretariat."

"Oh."

The Instamatics click.

Secretariat is not the object of just the public's attention. Jockeys and trainers come around and stare at him as if he were an innovation in their profession. When he was being saddled for the Arlington race, 15 or 20 jockeys in their silks were standing about the paddock, an odd sight for anyone chancing on the scene since only four horses were available for them. Jockey Larry Melancon couldn't keep his eyes off Secretariat. "There's not a pimple on him," he said. "I've never seen anything like him."

To insiders around the barns Secretariat is called "Red" or "Big Red," which is, of course, what Man o' War was nicknamed. It could be a natural tag for any horse whose chestnut coat glows like an ember; but in Secretariat's case it prob-

continued

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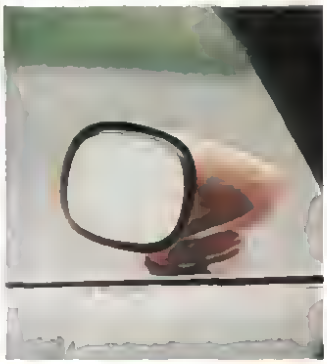
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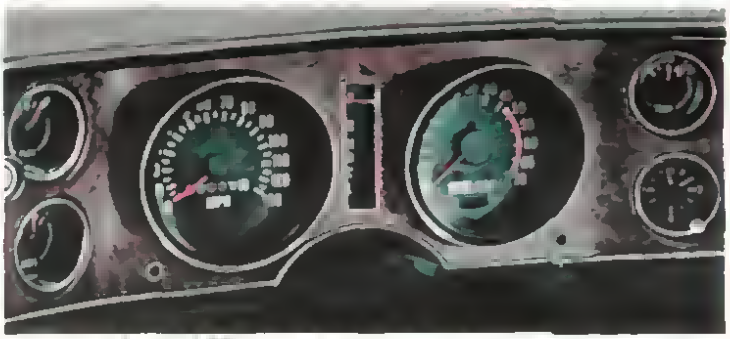




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Even at the firemen's parade, everyone seems to have a gimmick—almost everyone. Pick the one who doesn't. **1.** Sorry. Meet "Clean Ed" Mealmangel, discount diner owner. Gimmick: Leaves his thumb print in mashed potatoes. Smokes ABL's "Any Brand Left" in the ash trays. **2.** No. And no Tex'n Tilly, icky-poo radio-TV personalities. Gimmick: If it moves, interview it. They once even used a stethoscope to talk to a mole. **3.** Jerry Jibroni. Spends so much time setting up, he never sees parade. Smokes cigarettes so super-long he almost needs binoculars to light them. **4.** He's Tom Thump. His bass drum really is a gimmick. Can't stand the noise, but he likes to wear it. Puts cotton in his ears and in his cigarette filters. **5.** Right. He enjoys the passing parade, without any gimmicks. That's why he smokes Camel Filters. They're good tasting, easy and honest. His kind of cigarette. **6.** He's "Sweeps" Streate. Hopes mounted police won't parade. But they always do.



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ably evolved from the awestruck remark of Trainer Henry Forrest who saw him one day last winter in Florida and exclaimed, "Such a good-looking horse: he looks like a big red apple!"

Secretariat's fame has turned Mrs. Tweedy's Meadow Stud team into celebrities. In eating places around the race tracks someone calls out, "Hey, there's the guy who gallops Secretariat," and people stand up from the tables and ask, "Where? Where?" and some of them pick up napkins and gather around Charlie Davis, who is The Meadow's top exercise boy, looking for his autograph.

"What's it like, man? What's it like to ride the big horse?"

Charlie Davis leans back in his chair and says that he's never been on a horse like him. "Most all big horses come down hard, *boom, boom*, when they run, but Red, he carries hisself so smooth and easy that it's like sittin' here at the table eatin' pork chops and sometimes I can't scarcely believe he's goin' that fast, except that my eyes water from the speed, and I talk to him, 'Easy, Red. Easy.'"

The other Meadow celebrity from the barns is Eddie Sweat, Secretariat's groom and his closest companion since the first of the year. He has a nasty set of tooth marks on his upper arm where a horse picked him up and tossed him around the stall a few years ago. His relationship with Secretariat is much gentler. The two of them push each other about in the stall and Secretariat nips at the groom's knit shirt and pulls it out with his teeth and then lets it go so that it snaps back against Sweat's shoulder. Sweat has taught the colt how to retrieve his halter when he tosses it in a corner, the big horse turning in his stall and picking up the halter in his teeth and leaning over the webbing at the stall door to drop it at Sweat's feet.

Eddie Sweat has become so publicly identified with Secretariat that last week he found himself part of a package deal offered by a Las Vegas hotel. Mrs. Tweedy, Lucien Laurin, Ron Turcotte and Sweat were requested (for a flat fee of $25,000 a day) to walk Secretariat around before an audience for 15 minutes. Mrs. Tweedy had a perky reason for refusing. "Why, in 15 minutes he can make *much* more than that." In less than two minutes at Arlington Park he earned $75,000.

What Secretariat is going to do before he retires to stud in November, short of not appearing in a Las Vegas hotel, is still a matter of speculation. A question often put to Mrs. Tweedy and her trainer concerns racing him in early October in the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, the world's greatest racing prize and perhaps the only challenge left for such a horse. No American-raced horse has ever won the Arc. A number have tried, Carry Back and Tom Rolfe among them, but have been unable to adapt in a short time (they were flown over two to three weeks before the race) to such changes as racing on grass with a required European shoe, negotiating an up-and-down course with irregular turns, and running clockwise rather than counterclockwise. Lucien Laurin, who went over to scout the race and the course last year, said recently that it would take at least six months to prepare Secretariat properly.

So he will probably stay with us, appearing in the Whitney at Saratoga, then in the Travers, the Woodward and possibly the two-mile Jockey Club Gold Cup. The Woodward will be interesting because in it he surely will face the best older horses including Key to the Mint, last year's handicap star, and possibly his own stablemate, Riva Ridge.

But in the meantime, whatever he does, it is simply good to have Secretariat around to bring whatever exaltation he can into the hearts of the public. END



Putting on the runaway exhibition demanded by the occasion, Secretariat thunders down the stretch, outdistancing a tired trio

AND OUR HATS ARE OFF TO YOU

Olympic champion Dave Wottle is the very model of a Middle American middle-distance man. He does the laundry, inspects his wife's hospital corners and recently discovered broccoli

by KENNY MOORE

Dave Wottle inherits a tradition of nearly manic hardiness. Olympic champions in the middle distances have seldom spared themselves discomfort in the pursuit of cardiovascular betterment. "Seek pain. Embrace suffering," said Herb Elliott of Australia, who set a world record in the Rome 1,500 meters. He trained barefoot over sand dunes. New Zealand's Peter Snell, who won the 800 in Rome and four years later in Tokyo took both the 800 and the 1,500, ascribed his supremacy to hundreds of 23-mile mountain runs, efforts that sometimes left him weeping on his coach's front lawn. More recently, Kip Keino has converted his Kenyan heritage of exertion at high altitude into two gold medals.

Thus an observer comes to the tidy prairie village of Bowling Green, Ohio with lofty expectations. What new



scourges has the 22-year-old Wottle the Munich 800-meter champion and former co-world record holder, added to his training? What is the new step forward that last month enabled him to run an astonishing 3:53.3 mile in Eugene, Ore. and become behind Jim Ryun (3:51.1) and Keino (3:53.1), the third fastest miler in history?

It seems two steps back, into high school. "I sure hate to work out," he says, a knobby, attenuated Prince Charles: he is 6 feet, 141 pounds ... speaking from within the orange sack that at Bowling Green State University passes for a sweat suit. "If I had to train on my own, I'd fall apart. I wouldn't do it." So every afternoon during the season just past he ran with a mob of other orange sacks, first warming up with three miles across the campus, a quiet ivy and brick settlement that is indeed surrounded by miles of horizontal green. Consider the spectacle: The elbowing gaggle of 18 or so is led by American steeplechase record holder Sid Sink, now a graduate assistant coach. "I'm sensitive about this being my sixth year in a row in such conservative, protected surroundings," says Sink, "but not sensitive enough to leave. Every runner here takes strength from the group." Wottle, in the pack, also takes pushing and murmured abuse. His strong voice rises above the jumble. "All right, you guys, quit your razzing."

At one point in the workout, Wottle says, "I'm a funny-looking runner. I'm always upright and I come down hard on my heels. My sweats rip out at the ankles where I kick myself. At least I've learned to relax my upper body. I used to press my tongue really hard against my teeth, and that made my neck hurt. And my arms are high. I started that in high school to make this muscle." He displays a formidable bicep. "You know, I don't picture myself running like that. I picture myself as a picture runner."

Wottle is beautiful only when he kicks. His arms drop lower, and his surprising strength of torso (he can bench-press 180 pounds) churns him into another gear. "The key is the arms," he says. "When I kick, all I do is concentrate on driving with my arms."

On the track for interval running, Wottle twice surges to the front of his cluster of fellow middle-distance men but otherwise is content to chug along continued



RECAPPING his Munich faux pas, Wottle stands for the national anthem at the Drake Relays, realizes his head is covered and sheepishly dolls his golf cap

in second or third. "This is the easiest way for me to run," he says. "I've never set the pace in a fast race and only a couple of times in slow ones. If I take the lead before the last 100 yards, I freeze up. I just can't do it." Then he gives voice to what must be the Kicker's Creed: "If you beat a guy eight out of 10 races, then you're better, even if your best time is 4:08 to his 3:51. I can't express the feelings of a front-runner like Ron Clarke, but if he didn't win the big races, he wasn't the better runner. I know I could never run like he did when he set records, going on after you've got it won, really hurting yourself just for the time."

When Coach Mel Brodt senses enough intervals have been run, he directs everyone to the showers. "This kind of team running lets me watch everybody's responses to the work," he says, "but it has some drawbacks. Dave hates to plan his workouts. I have to tell him what to do. That isn't much good for building the kind of independence a man needs when he's off racing in the Olympics."

Fortunately Brodt was on hand in Munich. "It was a question of security. I hadn't seen him since the Trials, and he'd picked up a knee injury. I assured him that he'd snap back, that his stamina from distance running the previous fall and winter would see him through." Brodt seems a man of lightly suppressed merriment. "Now this fall all David did was give speeches. I don't know what I'll say if he gets hurt again."

"There is a limit to what I can do without running myself down," Wottle insists. "I only work out hard three times a week. I really prefer to have the pain three days instead of seven." Sink considers Wottle's loathing of workouts an asset. "I ran every morning last year," he says. "Dave came out maybe three of five. Yet he made the Olympic team and won the medal. I stayed home. It was, shall we say, aggravating, and all the more so because he was right. He ran as he felt. I did a lot of that work just to satisfy my head. It tore the rest of me up."

Wottle is unsympathetic with those who find moral undertones in running. "A lot of guys feel they deserve to win because they trained the most. They're wrong. You shouldn't do more than the optimum. Winning has a lot to do with your gifts. Besides, I don't think you should devote your whole life to the Olympics. If you win, you win. If not, O.K., you tried."

By Wottle's standards 1973 has been a curious year. He beat Keino in Los Angeles in January and won the NCAA indoor mile in March, but outdoors he lost miles to Leonard Hilton at the Kansas Relays and to Michigan State's Ken Popejoy at the Vons Classic in L.A., both through the traditional Wottle failing of starting his kick too late. Yet there is evidence of continued maturing.

"I like myself a little better this year," he says. "Last year Popejoy beat me once and I didn't want to talk to him afterward, I wanted to get away and brood on how to beat him back. This year we flew to the Vons race together, roomed together. He beat me by a yard. Then we went to dinner together. I'm still just as eager to beat him, but now I'm not letting it spill over into disliking him."

Wottle got his revenge at the NCAA outdoors in Baton Rouge, timing his kick perfectly off a fairly slow pace to win the mile in what was at the time a personal best of 3:57.1. He beat not only Popejoy but 10 other rivals, seven of whom came in under four minutes. The following week, in the AAU championships in Bakersfield, Calif., Wottle reverted to bad form, kicking too late and being soundly beaten in a 1:45.6 half-mile by Rick Wohlhuter, the new world-record holder at that distance. Four days later, however, in a competition that bore the rather high-minded title of Hayward Restoration Track Meet—the proceeds go to rebuilding a 69-year-old grandstand at the University of Oregon—Wottle ran what he termed a perfect race.

Gary Atchison, a half-miler from Seattle's Club Northwest who was supposed to function as a rabbit, took the mile field through a 58-second first quarter. Steve Prefontaine then assumed the lead, with Wottle on his shoulder and Villanova's John Hartnett on Wottle's. With a little less than 220 yards to go, Wottle jumped Prefontaine and won by 10 yards. His 3:53.3 was the sixth fastest mile ever recorded—Ryun has a 3.51.3, a 3:52.8 and a 3:53.2 to go with his world record. Prefontaine came in second (3:54.6) and Hartnett third in 3:54.7.

"I was waiting for the right time to kick," Wottle said after completing his victory lap. "Pre tried to break it at the three-quarter mark, but I hadn't even started to breathe hard then. I don't think my final 220 was that good. I wish I would have gone all out and seen what I could do. I'm pretty sure I couldn't have run a 3:51, but if someone had come up on my shoulder I had something left."

One afternoon this past spring some old friends of the Wottles' invaded the walk-down apartment Dave and his wife Jan keep a block from the campus and set about cooking a surprise dinner. Among the Early American furniture, antique picture frames, Hummels and teacups, the only likely evidence of an athletic inhabitant is a plate commemorative of a visit to the Munich cathedral. If Dave Wottle has one foot in high school, the other is in bland Midwestern middle age. He keeps his medal in a safe deposit box. He drives an Oldsmobile.

"I'm kind of set in my ways," he remarks over the meal, "but I like to travel so long as I can always get American food."

"Which means junk," says Jan, who teaches third grade at Deshler Elementary School 30 miles away. "Dave volunteers to do the shopping because he knows if I go I won't let him buy junk. He also does the laundry and inspects my hospital corners when I make the bed."

"It's a reaction against a messy mother," says Wottle. "Hey, this is nice. What do you call it?"

"Broccoli."

Wottle's success on the track bespeaks no wider impulse to be different. "People around here have an idea of the all-American image—apple pie, clean, obedient, doesn't run around—and I guess I'm trying to fit into that. People will accept me better if I do, and at this stage of my life acceptance is important. Like the other day at the cashier's window when my room and board check wasn't ready. Last year I would have let the office know I was upset. This year, because of all the attention I've had, I didn't want to make a scene. I mean I wanted to, but I didn't. I don't think that's hypocritical because it's just little things. It's just showing some consideration for what people want to believe. Sure, I wish I weren't the means by which a lot of people satisfy their own needs, but it's not a big thing. I haven't restructured much."

Wottle grew up in Canton, Ohio, where his father is an inspector in a Ford forging plant. "He just inspects, looks for cracks, whatever they do. My mother is a housewife. They're somewhere between middle middle class and upper middle class—very conservative. My mom was the more athletic of the two,

continued



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but I think my dad was my most loyal fan. After my first race ever, as a freshman in high school, he cut the article out of the paper and brought it to me. I'd been third. I wasn't mentioned. He told me to make a note of my time and place in the margin and start a scrapbook. Every week he'd cut another article. 'You never know,' he said. 'You might be good some day, and then you'd want these.' "

After dinner, when talk inevitably returns to the Olympic experience, Wottle brings out his scrapbooks and training journals. He will not, however, open his official Olympic book, a creation of the United States Olympic Committee. "A lot of guys who were on the team told me when they opened theirs all the pages fell out. I don't want all my pages to fall out." The scrapbooks are labeled *1972 Season*, *Olympic Trials* and *Olympics*. The frontispiece of the last is a drawing of weeping faces under the legend, "Is There Any Hope?" Leafing through it, one is bewildered to find that a man who so closely identifies with his society's expectations should have unwittingly touched off a summer-long pageant of controversies.

First there was the issue of Jan. Says Wottle, "I tell people that I was mentally tired after the Trials [where he equaled the 800-meter world record of 1:44.3 that was broken last week by Marcello Fiasconaro of Italy with a 1:43.7], so I came home and got married. They usually laugh." Head U.S. Track Coach Bill Bowerman was not amused. The energy drain of a honeymoon, Bowerman said, is so great Wottle wouldn't get past the Olympic quarterfinals. The Wottles' sex life at Munich (which consisted mainly of abstinence) was promptly spread across the pages of the indignant *Canton Repository*.

"Bowerman and I get along fine," says Wottle. "It was the dumb newspapers that kept it going." There was also the issue of Wottle's own flimsiness. "We had a week in Maine near the end of July. I was stupid and tried to jump right in where I was before I eased off following the Trials. I did four hard quarters, and warming down my left knee started to hurt." It was the first sign of tendinitis. He refers to his diary. "Here it is," he says. "August 4, 1972. We were in Oslo and I was really stiff. A doctor on the USOC medical staff said he would fix me up. He gave me a shot right in the knee joint, said wait an hour, then run."

"What was the shot?"

"Novocain."

"Novocain!"

"Yep. At the end of the hour I couldn't bend my leg. This is what I wrote: 'I question whether the doctor knows exactly what he's doing.' Eventually I got better through rest and keeping my distance from all needles." He gazes at his journal. "I think that's cool. To have a record of it all. You never remember the pain. In these other files I have every clipping people have sent about the Olympics. When I'm older I'm going to enjoy looking back at these."

Jan wrinkles her nose. "I didn't read most of those articles. It was just the same thing over and over, the hat and how it didn't come off during the anthem."

Wottle turns up a congratulatory letter from President Nixon. It says, "You may be certain that all of us fully understand your attachment to your famous hat."

"I had a wire from the Vice President," says Wottle. "He said something like 'Hat on or hat off, you're my kind of American.' That cable was in a box of things I mailed home from Munich that never came." Another page reveals the text from a speech given by Ohio Congressman Delbert Latta who took it upon himself "to speak for the American people in saying that your apology was happily accepted."

"I suppose you have to remember the main thing was the honor," says Wottle. "Just receiving messages from those in high office, not the text of what they say. Think of the poor politician, he's practically forced to do stuff like that. The Olympic year is always an election year. He knows the press will want to print it, so he can't really write anything personal. It comes out a stereotyped, patriotic form letter. I'm just glad I'm not a politician; I'm no good at beating around the bush."

The last half of the final scrapbook contains nothing but straight doses of Midwestern adulation. The communities of Canton and Bowling Green vied in the splendor of their greetings. Wottle and Jan rode in parades (says Dave, "You feel like such a dingbat, waving at kids you've known for years"), appeared at football games, accepted keys to the cities, a TV and the promise of a bust of Wottle in bronze (says Jan, "We haven't seen it yet"). From a personage named Chip Statler came a "first offer" of $500 for the now-moldering hat, with assurances it would safely reside in the "Chip Statler Hall of Fame." (It doesn't.) Bowling Green erected new city-limits signs that say, "Home of Bowling Green State University and Dave Wottle, Gold Medalist, XX Olympiad."

"I told them too late there was more than one," says Wottle. "I appreciated them doing all that, really, but I wouldn't want to go through it again. We got about five calls a night for weeks, people wanting me to speak to their ladies-over-80 meeting or whatever. It took everything I had to be civil when they got into the 'You owe it to your school or your community or your alumni association' bit. I did the good ones where I really wanted to help—the Cancer Society, Multiple Sclerosis, Cystic Fibrosis. But I don't think my speaking at a sports banquet means much to anybody. Now I can really brush 'em off. I don't think the American people understand the Olympics. They view the medal not as a symbol of a specific talent, but of a superperson, one who can just go out and do anything. I might apply for a job as a history teacher and be hired because of the medal and not on my merits. It shouldn't be that way, but it is. If people really understood the Olympics, they'd just give me a little recognition and then let me get back to normal."

Sid Sink, a purposive man, is fond of taking the long view. One day recently he attuned himself to Wottle's future, which most immediately includes a 90-day tour of duty as a second lieutenant in the Air Force. "I can see Dave going on the pro tour, then quitting after a few years," Sink says. "An all-encompassing love of running isn't what keeps him going. It's the attention, the people, the winning—he'd go for making a pile. After that let's see. . . ." Sink closes his eyes, touches fingertips to temples. "I can't see him as a businessman, he sleeps too much. . . . I see him in a quiet country town. Not as a farmer—he'd have to keep more in contact with things than that. Maybe a teacher. A professor. Yes. A history prof with plenty of tenure." An appealing vision. Perhaps when it comes to pass and Mid-America has attained a historical perspective on the tumultuous summer of '72, David Wottle will have been returned to normal. He might even open his Olympic book. "For him," says Sink, "the pages will stay in." **END**



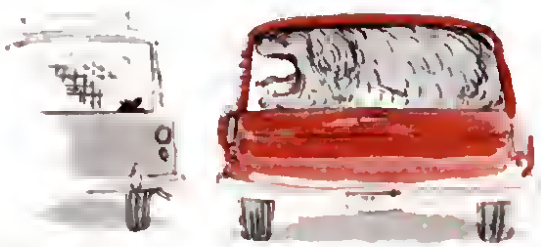
Summer is a coming-out party for show dogs and their fanciers. It is a scene far removed from the drear confines of

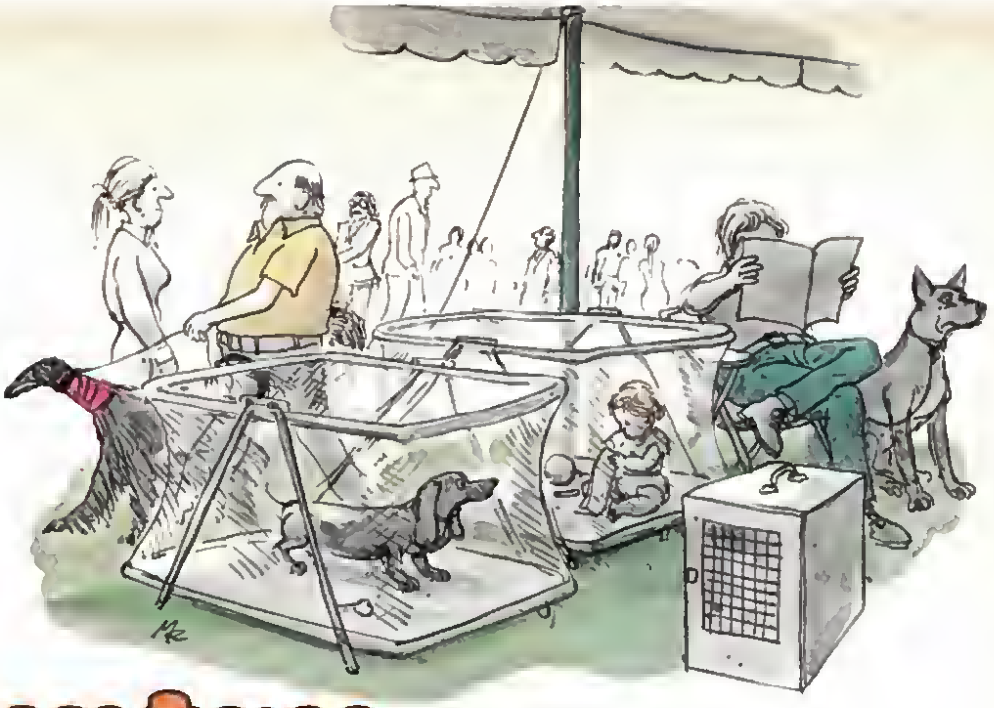
Dog days in the

winter competition, those halls and malls, armories and auditoriums. The atmosphere is reminiscent of oldtime county fairs as good friends—and bitter rivals—who travel the dog-show circuit chat away, curbing the chill in the jealous glances that they cast at their competition in the quest for AKC championship points. It is harder, somehow, to freeze a foe in shirt sleeves, to get truly heated when the days themselves are hot. Ribbons of sunlight ease the anguish when the ribbons of silk go elsewhere. All this was discovered on a Connecticut weekend by Artist Mike Ramus, who admits to having no expertise in doggery but is something of an authority on the humors of humans. "The dogs were the stars," Ramus says. "But in the end it turned out to be a people show." So, dogs, let's have a loud chorus of barks—gay, summer barks, if you please—for people









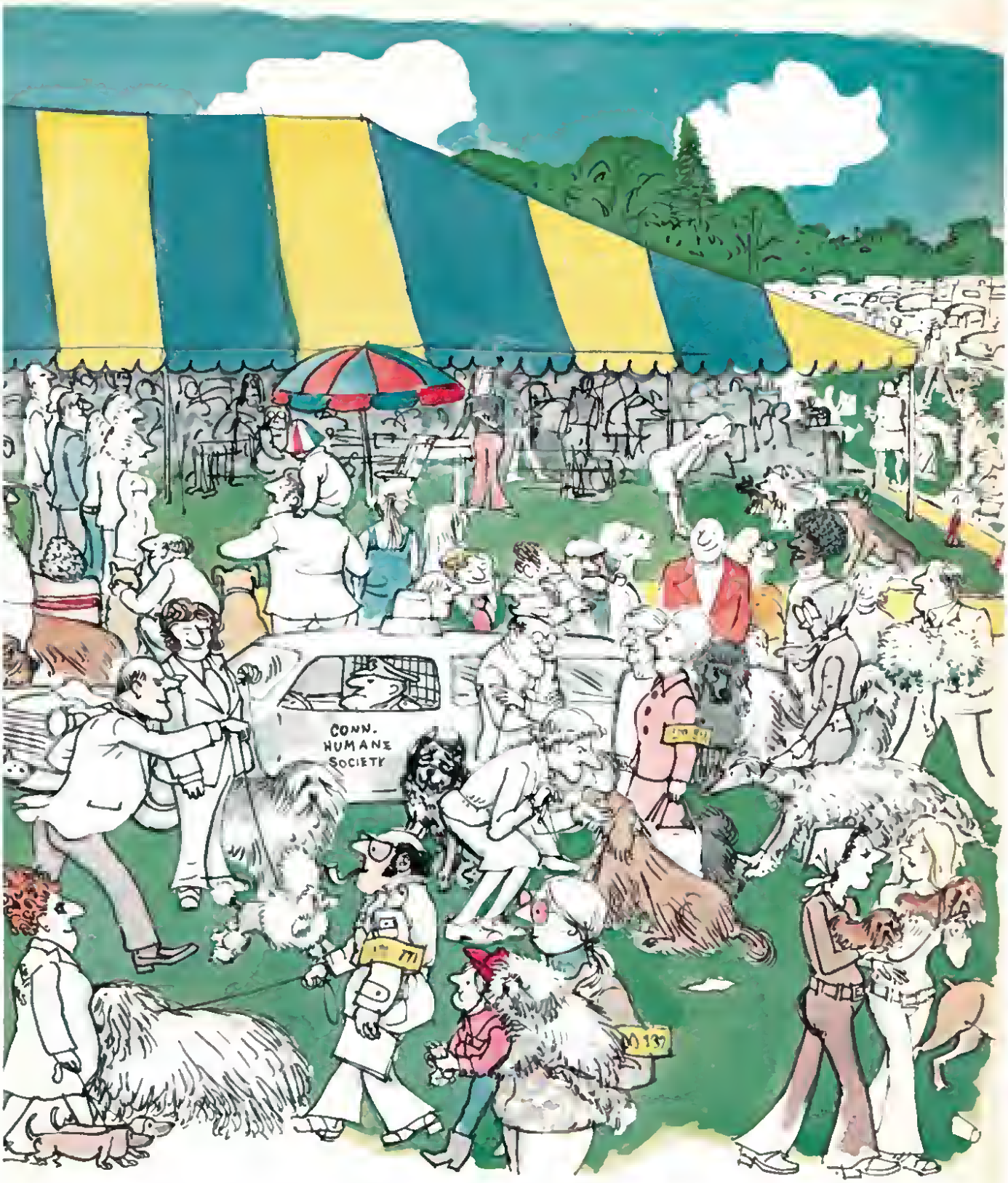
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Illustrations by Michaal Ramus

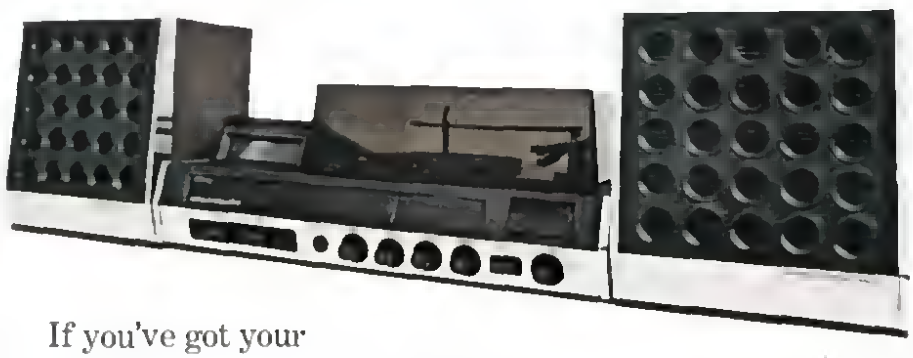




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NEVER THE TWAIN SHALL MEET

The Yellowstone once was a Huck Finn river, idyllic for rafting; now there is as much flotsam as fun

by WILLIAM HJORTSBERG

"Welcome Aboard!" reads the Jaycee pamphlet. "The Yellowstone River Boat Float . . . 126 Miles of Scenic Beauty, Livingston to Billings." Mark Twain made it an American myth: Huck and Jim on the raft, swapping yarns over corncob pipes, drifting along with the current, free as the river yet bound to it, their lives linked to the mysteries of each unknown channel and meander. It is the sense of freedom combined with an implied risk that makes the myth so popular. "Bring your boats and adventuresome spirit," the Jaycee pamphlet says.

Unfolded, the pamphlet reveals a schedule of events and several snapshots of folks paddling kayaks and canoes and rubber rafts. Slogans abound: "Wet, wild and wonderful." "Anything that floats makes a boat." "Fun in a bunch." One shot of four ladies hiding their bikinis beneath bulging, kapok-filled life vests is captioned, "I'd feel naked without my life preserver!" The myth has been brought home to roost.

July 6, seven p.m.—Registration at launch site on Yellowstone River, Livingston. Mont. Pig barbecue—$1

The barbecue is rained out. Only a few cars are parked near the stretch of rock-cobbled beach on the riverbend. Three yellow rubber rafts, glazed with rain, already inflated, lie in a line along the bank. On a flatbed trailer, bound with cables like Gulliver among the Lilliputians, is a barge-sized red wooden raft with pontoons made from twin rows of welded 50-gallon oil drums. Nearby four men in down jackets stand drinking beer in a haze of charcoal smoke. Spread across a table in front of them are some tattered shreds of gray meat, possibly pork and seemingly blasted from the animal with dynamite, that identify this as the site of the pig barbecue.

We ask where to register, raising our voices above the tattoo of raindrops on the canvas tarp overhead, and one of the men points to a tent a few yards away. Inside we sign up, a party of four. "You going to register for any of the prizes?" the lady behind the card table asks, eyeglasses glinting with lantern light.

We are told that trophies will be awarded at the end of the float for the largest boat, the largest participating family, most original costume, most original boat, oldest person and for the person traveling farthest to make the trip. We don't qualify in most categories, but Jada is visiting from New York City so we put her down as an entry in the farthest traveler division.

"All the way from New York?" the woman smiles, hugging her parka.

"That's right."

"Well, I hope you have a good time. Don't forget breakfast tomorrow at the fairgrounds."

"We'll be there. Thanks a lot."

"You bet."

July 7, seven a.m.—Breakfast at boat launching.

An hour before dawn it is still raining, the temperature not much above 40. The prospect of spending the day in a raft half full of river water begins to lose a certain amount of appeal. Our deflated six-man raft serves as a tarp to cover the back of the pickup and we stash paddles and life jackets and other gear underneath. A six-man raft is the right size for four people, five would be crowded, six would verge on the orgiastic.

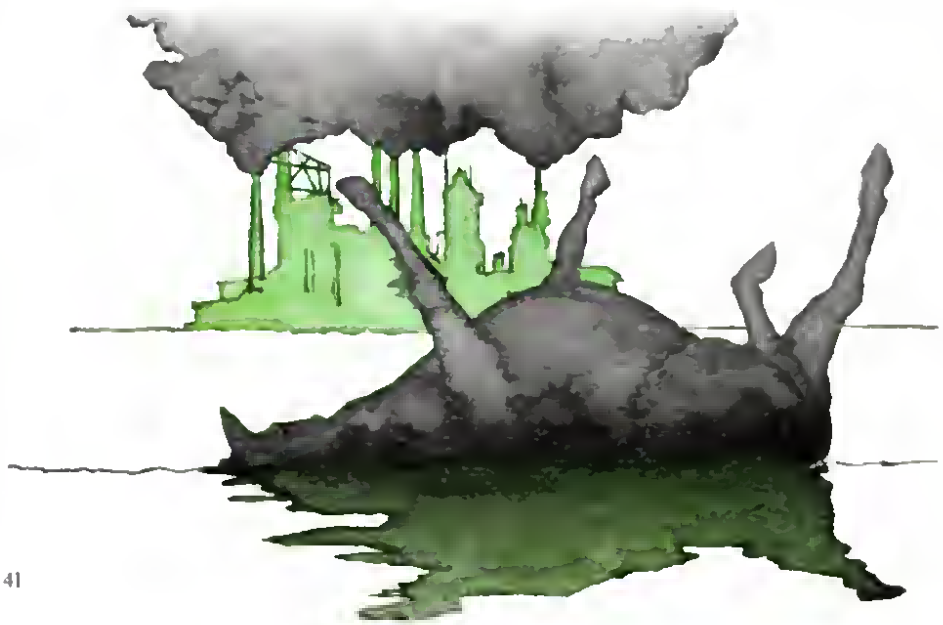
Breakfast is hot cakes and grilled ham served up picnic style by the Livingston Jayceens (the ladies' auxiliary of the Jaycees). Paper plates and Styrofoam cups, everyone elbow to elbow on wooden benches, another row of eaters facing you across the table.

The rain stops by the time we finish breakfast, although the wind continues and the sky is forbidding. It is a short drive to the launch site on the river which, in contrast with the desolation of the previous night, is bustling like the midway of a carnival.

Numbers of people wander up and down the riverbank admiring the gathered armada. Yellow rubber six-man rafts like ours are the favored vessel; perhaps a dozen lie in varying stages of inflation along the water's edge. There are also kayaks and canoes and one racing-hulled speedboat. The larger craft, including the big red raft with the oil drum pontoons, are moored to a group of willows farther along.

The Jaycees are selling aerosol cans of insect repellent and shoulder patches commemorating the ninth annual float trip. The patches are shaped like the state of Montana and picture a "River Rat" peering out from inside a circular life preserver like an anemic Mickey Mouse. Seasoned float-trip veterans wear wind-

continued



breakers emblazoned with the patches of past years. The same grinning rodent is featured on them all.

Another riverbank entrepreneur is a resourceful fellow who thought to haul in an air compressor on the back of his truck. For a fee of $1 he will blow up your raft. His price seems exorbitant until we spend 10 minutes using lung power and lie sprawled on the stones, dizzy as glue sniffers on an ether jag. We queue up with the others, dragging our limp raft behind us.

The Yellowstone in early July is a powerful river, swift and slate-colored, swollen with snowmelt from the high country. It is not unusual to see large trees sweep by on the current, and although the river is down a foot from the high-water mark, it is still no place to go wading. There is no official start to the launch; around 8:30 a few rafts begin to slip away from shore. A man in a single kayak waves goodby to his wife and paddles off. A small red car parked on the bank switches on its headlights and drives into the river. Moments later there are dozens of boats in the water. An estimated 75 leave the launching site that morning.

We shove off with me in the stern, Beau up front and Marian and Jada settled amidships. Overhead the clouds are breaking up and the sunshine seems a good omen. Friends with past float-trip experience warned us of the first major hazard, a pair of bridges crossing the river at a sharp bend four miles below Livingston. There have been drownings in the past, and we are taking no chances; everyone wears a life preserver. Sand particles in the turbulent water make a hissing noise against the inflated sides of our raft, and there is a moment of comic confusion before we determine that it is not the sound of leaking air.

Our first fast water comes considerably before the bridges at a point where the channel narrows and deepens at the end of a stretch of rapids. Large jagged boulders have been used here to form a jetty that turns the current sharply away from shore. Several rafts are approaching at once, drawn into line by the force of the water funneling through the channel. The red amphibomobile is bobbing off our stern, headlights bright as the concerned eyes of the driver, and suddenly, perhaps out of some atavistic freeway survival habit, this preposterous convertible speeds up and cuts across our bow. We paddle sideways to avoid a collision and are swept through the channel broadside, shipping water and hopelessly out of control. Our enthusiastic fist-shaking and curse-hurling goes unnoticed. Jada begins bailing with a canteen cup.

We are wet but still afloat, a claim that can't be made by the people hauling their capsized canoe up the muddy riverbank or the fellow who calls out, "Got a patch kit?" as he sits on shore holding an expiring raft on his lap—casualties, and the trip is hardly under way.

The stretch of water immediately below Livingston is familiar to me from fall fishing, and even with eight additional feet of fast-moving river covering my favorite spots I know where we are from landmarks along the shore. One of the more prominent of these is the unsightly sprawl of an automobile graveyard, metal carcasses heaped by the river like discards from the studio of a pop sculptor. When this bit of Americana comes into view I know the dread bridges are just around the bend.

The rapids here are rough enough to make the previous stretch of white water seem like a practice run, but where a rigid craft such as a canoe would be in trouble, a rubber raft merely undulates up and over the hazardous chop. The first bridge is a railroad viaduct crowded with spectators eager for mishaps. In spite of our determined paddling the current drives the raft into a concrete abutment and the pliable rubber boat begins to buckle under the pressure. We push off and are swept safely away. Others are not so fortunate. A capsized raft floats near shore. Several more are being hauled onto the bank. The crowd is getting its money's worth.

Beyond the bridges the river levels out, smooth and even and swift. The red car is long out of sight, a lone entry in an aquatic Grand Prix. Ahead of us, sunk deep in the water under the weight of multiple cases of beer, a raftful of celebrants toss their empties into a smaller auxiliary raft towed behind like a dinghy. Nearby, a bearded fellow relaxes in a bathtub-sized raft, holding a double-bladed kayak paddle athwart his gun-

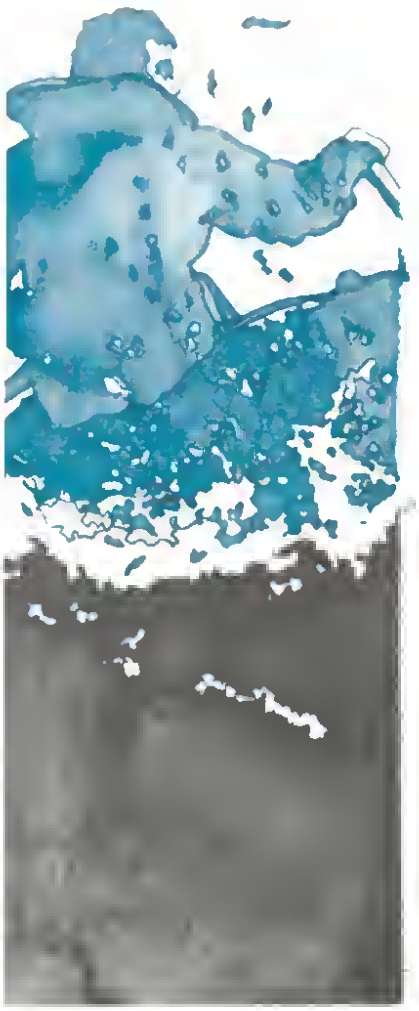
ILLUSTRATIONS BY SAUL LAMBERT



wales as he drifts in lazy circles down the river. The large wooden barge mounted on oil drums and powered by outboard motors passes, crowded with waving passengers. In the distance we can see Interstate 90, and the rushing traffic seems futile and a bit silly when compared with our stately progress.

More rapids: this time we are veterans and take them laughing with pleasure, steering into the very worst of the white water. The raft slithers over the boiling waves like a fat yellow sea serpent. The river rushes past steep limestone walls, and then unexpectedly, off to one side, a whirlpool 30 feet across threatens. We can only stare helplessly as we sweep past to safety. Only luck had us far enough in the middle of the river to avoid the sucking maw.

A chorus of "Wow!" resounds from the raft in four-part harmony. The question "Did you see *that*?" is the closest anyone comes to coherent speech. There is the definite feeling that we have seen the very worst the river has to offer. Anyone sensible would know better.



A hundred yards ahead a rubber raft all at once stands on end, leaping into the air in a burst of spray like the tail walking of a freshly hooked tarpon. The two occupants pitch headfirst into the river, the raft cartwheeling after them. When we draw closer we can see a concrete diversion dam creating an eight-foot waterfall.

There is no time for preparation. Near the brink we spot an interruption in the even flow of the falls, a point where the water angles to one side like the pages of an open book. A sharp J-stroke turns the raft and we shoot safely through this unexpected chute, a summertime sleigh ride. Farther along the two men overboard hang laughing to the sides of their upended raft, no harm done, and a Fish & Game Department powerboat holding against the current along the shore lets them drift past unaided.

Noon. Lunch at Springdale.

"Musquetors very troublesom." This complaint appears frequently in the journals of Captain William Clark, who camped here with his party of explorers near the present site of the Springdale bridge. That was on July 16, 1806. Clark was on the return trek from the Pacific, having left Meriwether Lewis and the other half of the expedition on the Bitterroot River two weeks before. He crossed over into the valley of the Yellowstone following what is now called the Bozeman Pass. It was not called anything by the white man back in 1806, and even the Yellowstone was still known as the Rochejaune (Clark spelled it *rochejhone*), the name given it by French trappers and explorers.

*Clark had hoped to float the Yellow-*stone and meet with Captain Lewis at the point where the river joins the Missouri, but he failed to find cottonwood trees large enough for dugouts and he and his party made their way along the bank on horseback, plagued all the while by the "troublesom musquetors."

The insect life at Springdale would still seem familiar to Captain Clark, even today with rubber rafts and aluminum canoes beached on the shore and crowds of beer-drinking, sun-pinked Americans wandering through the woods in bathing suits. The mosquitos rise in dark swarms out of the grass the moment you step onto the bank. Clouds of mote-sized furies hover above the lines waiting for hamburgers and pie or queuing up in front of the portable toilets. The 4-H Club of Springdale has set up shop under the trees; hungry floaters are everywhere in the woods and along the shore, balancing paper plates on their knees and swatting frantically.

The Lewis and Clark Expedition has been a focal point for the annual Livingston to Billings float trip ever since its inception. Floaters in the past made the trip garbed like 19th century pioneers. It was not unusual to see men wearing coonskin caps or middle-aged matrons costumed as Sacagawea, with fringed buckskin skirts and plastic papoose dolls strapped to their backs. Once a party consisting of the mayors of the various participating towns embarked in a long dugout hewn from the trunk of a cottonwood. The price paid for authenticity was an almost immediate dunking in the cold swift water. (Clark eventually felled two trees large enough for a pair of canoes 28 feet long, but he lashed them together for stability and avoided the fate of his future imitators.)

The first float trip used Lewis and Clark as its theme. This year, according to the brochure, the theme is "Park, Man and His Environment." The Yellowstone, in spite of occasional glimpses of ranch buildings and highways, is essentially unchanged from the time when the first white explorers made their way along the shore. It is a wild river, no large dams check its seasonal flooding, there is almost no industry and very few towns along the way.

All this soon may change. The use of new sophisticated equipment now makes it worth mining the immense low-sulfur coal deposits in eastern Montana and *northern Wyoming and* has brought about a resurgence of the same boomer mentality that left the state a legacy of ghost towns, abandoned smelters and unsightly tailing ponds in the wake of the 19th century gold fever. Strip mining operations have already begun in Montana, giant generating complexes are being built and the power companies are fond of describing the area as "the Ruhr of the Northwest."

In order to make it possible for electricity generated in Montana to run the air conditioners and pop-up toasters of Birmingham, Ala., water as well as coal is required- millions of gallons of water. The master plan calls for containment dams to be built on the Tongue, the Big Horn and the Yellowstone and

continued

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for an elaborate system of aqueducts to transport the water to a power plant that will dwarf even the monstrous Four Corners operation in the Southwest. Above the dams will be huge lakes, the rivers lost forever beneath the feet of future water skiers. Below these engineering marvels the flow of water will be artificially controlled. No more spring runoff; the rivers will be tame, managed, machine-tooled. Not everyone regards this as progress, and petitions are circulating to have Congress declare the Yellowstone a "scenic river."

Late Afternoon—Arrive at Big Timber. Supper served at fairgrounds.

The afternoon is hot and sunny. The day which began as gray, drizzling autumn has evolved into broiling summer. What once was said about New England weather holds true in Montana. "If you don't like it, wait five minutes." Stripped down to life preservers and bathing suits, limbs glistening with tanning lotion and eyes masked by sunglasses, our only regret is the failure to have brought beer and a portable radio.

There is little to do in the raft between rapids. Jada sings choruses from her inexhaustible mother lode of oldies-but-goodies. We dream of beer. A discovery is made: the movement of bare flesh against the sides of the raft produces a sound remarkably like flatulence. So good is the imitation that our apologies are continual. We recall the inflatable rubber bladders called whoopee cushions sold in novelty shops and guaranteed to make you the life of the party. Remember the embarrassment of the unsuspecting? The raft, by some extension of sunstroke logic, suddenly appears to be no more than a gigantic whoopee cushion, a Claes Oldenburg exaggeration of the banal. We wonder if we have accidentally hit upon the exact metaphor for the float trip.

July 8, nine a.m.—Reed Point.

Plans for an early start have been modified by sleeping late, and a bobbing procession of floaters is ahead of us. Our basic supplies now include two six-packs of beer bought from the American Legion concession at the fairgrounds. These are secured with a length of nylon cord and dropped over the side to cool. With a load of beer trailing in our wake we feel we have entered into the true spirit of the float trip at last.

By midmorning the sun is blazing like a Bessemer converter and the beer is gone. The danger of sunburn rules out the comfort of bathing suits, and we swelter in jeans and long-sleeved shirts. The river seems to be running at half-speed. Even the few rapids we encounter are tame compared with yesterday's white water. We lie sprawled in the raft like the survivors of a freighter torpedoed in the Coral Sea.

In a little while we are greeted by a peculiar riverbank *tableau vivant*. Posing beside an antique buckboard are a man and woman costumed in gingham and homespun as a 19th century ranch couple. Above their heads flutter colorful plastic pennants (the kind seen at gas stations and the grand openings of supermarkets) and a banner that reads: COUNTRYMAN CREEK ESTATES. A smaller sign invites floaters to stop for a free drink. It seems altogether appropriate in this age when even war is televised to interrupt a float trip for a commercial message.

Farther along, the sight of a crowded bank and several dozen beached rafts brings joy. We wade ashore, dragging the raft after us, and join the lines for lunch. The Reed Point Bar is donating free beer and an enthusiastic crowd surrounds the keg. Instead of the traditional hamburger, the VFW Auxiliary is serving Sloppy Joes. We carry our dripping plates into the shadows under the Reed Point bridge, happy as trolls in the fragrant ooze of river mud.

Late Afternoon—Arrive at Columbus. Meals served next to bridge.

In 1875 Horace Countryman reopened his saloon at the mouth of the Stillwater River. He moved down from Benson's Landing on the Big Bend of the Yellowstone (present site of the town of Livingston) when the Indian Agency across the river relocated. The Southeastern side of the Yellowstone was the territory of the Crow Nation, and selling whiskey there was prohibited by federal law. But on the opposite bank free enterprise flourished. Horace Countryman moved to keep up with his clientele. The new location was first known as Eagle Nest; this became Sheep Dip, then Stillwater and finally Columbus.

Cars and campers crowd together under the cottonwoods here. A mountainous pile of highway department sand is the most prominent landmark; traffic on

continued

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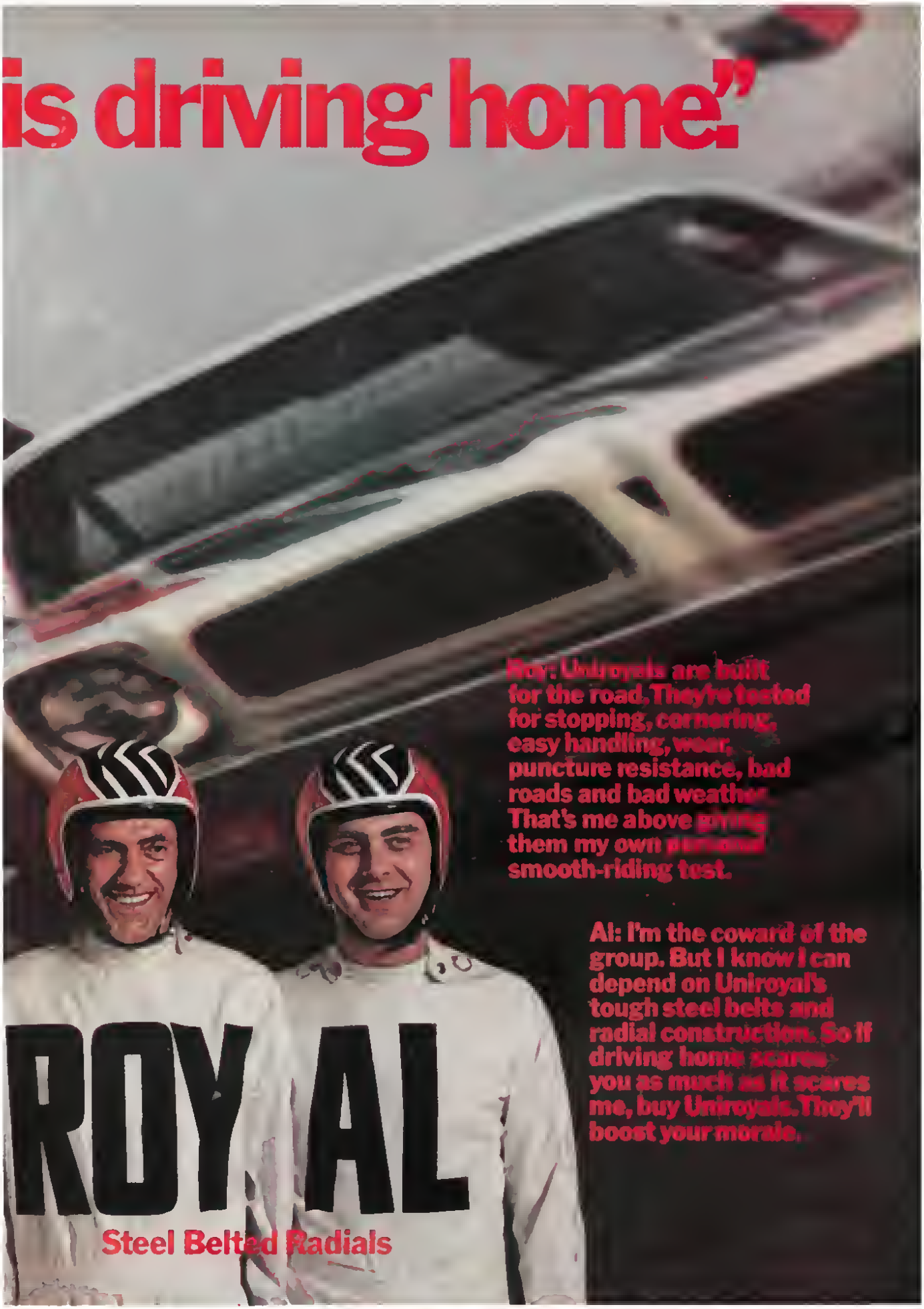
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the two-lane road nearby is continual. At sundown the odor of hundreds of hamburgers cooking mingles with the settling dust. We pitch our tents along the riverbank and head for town in search of a restaurant.

Ten p.m.—Dance at Air Bowl. Trophy to be given to couple with most authentic Lewis and Clark costumes.

The Air Bowl has nothing to do with football. It is a combination bowling alley, bar and restaurant located in front of a flat grassy field that serves as an airport. A few Piper Cubs staked down in back add aeronautical verisimilitude. Inside, the place is packed. Terrazzo floors and stainless steel trim remind one of a bus terminal. In the bar a cowboy trio wearing string ties and snap-front shirts plays *Me and Bobby McGee* to a sullen crowd of dancers. There's not an authentic Lewis and Clark costume in sight.

We return to town and seek out the New Atlas Bar, also jammed with floaters. Assorted trophies decorate the walls: elk, deer, antelope and a two-headed calf mounted in a glass case. The back room holds a few tables and here, under the crouching figure of a stuffed cougar, an egg-bald man deals cards.

July 9, nine a.m.—Launch for Laurel.

The most treacherous rapids of the float trip occur in the stretch of river between Columbus and Park City. This is where people drowned in the past: one in 1967, two in 1970. As before at the railroad viaduct, wherever the county road chanced to parallel a dangerous section of water, numbers of cars and pickups are parked; front row seats for potential disaster. Seeing these kind people lining the bank makes it easy to understand why the Roman gladiatorial contests were sellouts. But two days of braving rapids have made us cocky, and we wave with cheerful insolence at our curbside admirers as the rubber raft bobs through the white water.

Our only mishap comes without an audience. We miscalculate the hazards of a large submerged boulder and are caught and held by a turbulent backwash. The raft buckles, and a torrent of water drives the stern beneath the surface. I go completely under, losing my hat but not my paddle; then suddenly the raft floats free, full as a bathtub, and miraculously I'm still aboard as we continue down the river, laughing and bailing.

No sooner are we around the bend from the lunch stop than the flaming smokestacks and squat storage tanks of the Laurel oil refinery come into sight. We breathe deeply the noisome aroma of petroleum. It is the smell of death: rotting dinosaurs, corpses a million years old. The odor follows us down the river long after the towers and pipelines of the refinery have passed from view.

Late afternoon—Arrive at Billings.

The last lap is a letdown. The river here is broad and slow, and floating begins to seem more a chore than an adventure. Where before we might float for hours without glimpsing a house, now there are trailer parks and mobile homes crowding the shore. And in contrast with the sandstone cliffs and canyons we drifted through only this morning, here the river is riprapped with hundreds of junked car bodies strung on cables along the bank.

The car bodies only serve as an introduction to the grotesque. Downstream we encounter the carcass of a dead horse stranded against a pile of driftwood in the middle of the river. Belly up and bloated, legs standing stiffly in the air, it is right at home among the discarded refrigerators, washing machines and sodden mattresses that have been dumped into the Yellowstone. The horse is an obscene reminder that in three days we saw more trash than wildlife. There were occasional ducks, and once a sharp-shinned hawk circling above its nest, but what a contrast with what Captain William Clark wrote in his journal 167 years ago. "Saw emence heards of Elk feeding on the opposit side of the river. I saw a great number of young gees in the river . . . for me to mention or give an estimate of the different Species of wild animals on this river particularly Buffalow, Elk, Antelopes & Wolves would be increditable. I shall therefore be silent on the subject further."

The float trip ends as it began, without fanfare. Once again the sky threatens rain. The Fish & Game powerboat is on hand to assist at the landing site in Josephine Park in Billings and it speeds out into the current to pick up a small plastic raft full of beer that broke away from some floaters farther upstream. Several spectators wait on the shore, watching for the arrival of friends and relatives. No hamburgers for sale here. The Jaycees have closed up shop. END

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Four years after he exhumed her from the Pendine Sands on the British Coast, **Owen Wyn Owen**, lecturer at England's Bangor University, has restored Babs to life. Babs is a 500-hp automobile that set the world land-speed record of 171 mph in 1926 and crashed the following year, killing Welsh driver Jeffrey Parry Thomas. Babs was buried on the beach of her demise and lay there undisturbed until Owen claimed her. He did not take the reconditioned Babs out of bottom gear in her inaugural rerun at an old air base but, sputtering smoke and flames from her exhaust pipe, the grand lady reached 60 mph. "Babs is part of racing history," said Owen. "She will be taken to a museum and displayed as a monument."

Ordinarily **John Havlicek** of the Boston Celtics would make a fast break away from diaper changing, but there he was on exhibition in a New York department store, displaying his touch with disposables. "The first thing you do is get the old one off," said the father of two. "Then you wipe up, put on a Pampers and secure the tabs on both sides." A star's work is never done.

Maryland horseman **Stuart Janney Jr.** has named his new foal born of Buckpasser and Shenanigan. Calls him Watergate.

Among the honors handed out recently by the Society of American Social Scribes, an organization of society editors, was the Brassy Award. It went to the "male chauvinist tennis pig of the year," **Bobby Riggs**.

Queen Elizabeth won the group's Classy Award. The announcement was made in Toronto, where Her Majesty maintained her composure despite a sticky situation during a horseshoeing exhibition at a display of pioneer arts. It was noted that the rear end of a 1,700-pound mare would point at the Queen, an intolerable breach of etiquette. "But," said blacksmith Norman Rose, "if I turn the horse around, *my* backside will face the Queen." It was decided that the horse's rear was more offensive, so she was turned around and around and around as the Queen toured the other exhibits.



◆ **Joe Frazier** may have revolutionized the prefight workout. During roadwork for his London bout with Joe Bugner he relieved the tedium by watching the telly. No doubt the choice was *Coronation Street* for the former heavyweight champion.

East German glider pilot **Udo Elke** did not win the race. In fact he skillfully steered off-course and landed in a turnip patch, but on the whole he was pleased. Seems the patch was in West Germany. Elke had set out on a three-corner course during competition and sort of lost it on the first turn.



It wasn't exactly a parlay but it *was* luck. **Donald Heasley** of Levittown, Pa. won the $1 million first prize in the New Jersey state lottery, and with the same ticket (he buys only one of the multi-numbered chances each week) he raked in another hefty $10,000 as consolation prize. Some consolation. Some odds: 324 trillion to 1 according to lottery officials.

● That well-known quarterback **Ethel Kennedy** was welcomed to the board of directors of NFL Charities by **Mrs. Vince Lombardi** and Commissioner **Pete Rozelle**. Mrs. Kennedy, as reported by that well-known sportswriter **Art Buchwald**, was playing for the Convent of the Sacred Heart in the Bronx when that well-known Notre Dame Coach Pat O'Brien, driving by, saw her throw for three touchdowns, kick four field goals and intercept two passes "while the light changed." O'Brien, Buchwald swears, recruited Ethel for Manhattanville College, where she led her team to four undefeated seasons and three invitations to the Rose Bowl. "The pro offers rolled in," he wrote. "Ethel was drafted by the Kennedy Tigers for $100,000 a year plus a home in Virginia, a car and two months' free vacation in Hyannisport. The rest is history. With Ethel in the backfield the Tigers never lost a touch football game in 15 years." Or an election.

What a splash they had in Cincinnati when former Indiana and Olympic swimmer **Gary Hall** married **Mary Adele Keating**, a four-time National AAU competitor and sister of Charlie Keating, who will join the Indiana swimming team this fall. Hall's Indiana teammate **Mark Spitz** was an usher and the bride was given away by her father, who heads the Marlin Swim Club in Cincinnati. The new couple's children should be a cinch for the 1992 Olympics.

Joe Beiberbecke of Charlotte, N.C. thought it would be a nice stunt to celebrate his birthday by making a parachute jump from 2,200 feet for each of his 62 years. Fine, except he almost reached early retirement when his main chute failed to open on the 57th drop. Fortunately, his auxiliary saved him 1,000 feet from the ground. Undeterred, and despite an aching back, he gamely jumped through the last five years, even though it probably aged him that much in the process.

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STUDENT COLBORN charts pitches on a rest day, joined by Brewer lefthander Chris Short

Some head on this Brewer

Milwaukee Pitcher Jim Colborn admits he has a mediocre arm, but by thinking the ball to just the right spots he has become a big winner

Jim Colborn, one Whittier College alumnus going good these days, likes to spend his idle moments dreaming up catchy names for the Milwaukee Brewers. "All pennant contenders need an identity," Colborn says. "Something like the Big Red Machine or the Mod Squad or the Amazin' Mets." So why is Colborn concerned about an identity for the Brewers, who have been well identified as hapless and pathetic since their arrival from Seattle in 1970?

Thanks principally to the right arm of Colborn, a 26-year-old with an 11-3 record and a 2.54 earned run average, and the wiles of Manager Del Crandall, Milwaukee once again is suffering a twinge of the kind of pennant fever that Henry Aaron and Eddie Mathews and Crandall himself brought so emphatically to Beerville two decades ago. A solid spring pick to repeat their last-place finish in the American League East, the Brewers thrust themselves into the pennant scramble with an 18-10 record during June. On five of those giddy days they were in first place. If they somehow end up there in October, Detroit Manager Billy Martin will be sorry indeed.

Colborn started thinking up team nicknames when the Brewers reeled off 15 wins in 16 games and knocked the Tigers out of first place. "We're the Big Blue Beer Truck," he said foamily. Then, when the Brewers lost a few games, Colborn decided they were the Who Are Those Guys Out There? Gang. Realizing that the Brewers needed a lasting identity, Colborn next bowed deeply toward Martin and coined another: the Chinese Bandits.

Martin, it seems, had laughed off the Brewers, saying, "If they can win with this team, I'm a Chinese aviator." After the Tigers encountered some unfriendly skies, Martin claimed the remark was inoperative. "Made big mistake," he said. "Brewers tough club. I got a friend named Howard Wong, and I'm taking flying lessons from him."

"People tend to think we're a fluke," Crandall says, "but we're not. We don't have any rookies hitting .360 now or any veterans hitting way over their heads. All our players are simply performing to the level of their capabilities. As I see it, we'll get better before we get worse. At least I hope we will."

Colborn is the only Brewer whose performance this season has far exceeded his previous accomplishments. Leo Durocher flunked Colborn three times in Chicago before the Cubs shipped him to Milwaukee after the 1971 season. Pitching mostly in relief, something the Brewer starters needed constantly, he had a 7-7 record and a sound 3.10 earned run average in 1972. He was scheduled for more bullpen duty this season but got a chance to start when Bill Parsons developed a sore arm. The bullpen has not seen him since.

His elevation has not fogged up Colborn's assessment of himself. "My pitches are all mediocre," he says. "I don't have one real outstanding pitch, but I usually can get the ball over the plate where I want it. When hitters see me for the first time, they say, 'Geez, his pitch looks like a watermelon.' Well, I hope they hit it like that and it splatters all over the place."

Colborn is no stranger to achievement. "I've always been a striver," he says. "In the eighth grade back in Santa Paula, Calif. I was the best student and the best athlete in school. In high school I was just a star. Now that sounds vain, I know, but I did have success and it did not go to my head. I was comfortable in the limelight because it was where I wanted to be."

continued



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Colborn continued to display his academic and athletic prowess at Whittier College, from which he graduated in 1967 with a bachelor's degree in sociology.

"One of my old classmates," Colborn says, "tells me they have taken down a dormitory sign that read RICHARD M. NIXON SLEPT HERE and replaced it with JAMES W. COLBORN SLEPT HERE. It's a good story, but I don't think it's true."

Colborn believes he has found a mind-over-matter approach to the game. "I don't think I have been psychologically consistent in the past," he says. "I have taken myself too seriously at times; my mental attitudes kept changing. Now I think I have reached a permanent peace with myself. How? Simply by being closer to the type of person that I want to be. I don't care how many people say I'm great, as far as I'm concerned I'm no greater than a bricklayer or a garbage collector. The whole purpose in life is to achieve serenity. That makes happiness, not money or possessions."

Colborn is always analyzing and asking. He recently engaged teammate George Scott in a lengthy discussion about hitting. "George and I use different words and expressions to say the same things, perhaps," Colborn says, "but George has a lot to say, and I listen. For instance, he gave me his theory about guess-hitters. George is a guess-hitter, so he knew what he was talking about. Now I try to throw guess-hitters like Bobby Murcer pitches they can't hit out of the park, and guess-hitters like Frank Robinson pitches they don't want to hit. There's a difference. Mureer will not hit an outside fastball for an opposite field home run, but Robinson will. They're both guess-hitters, but you must pitch them differently."

Like many of the Brewers, Colborn has benefited from the methods of Crandall, who does not react with hot words or chair-tossing tantrums when his players fail to fulhll his expectations. "But patience is a tricky subject," Crandall says. "If you do not expect things out of players, they might think you're being patient out of indifference. You also can be patient to an extreme."

Crandall kept his customary cool recently when Scott, in a slump, balked at a batting-order change moving him from fourth to seventh. When he noticed the change, he developed an instant groin pull and missed two games. "I'm not a No. 7 hitter, let's put it that way," Scott said. "I get paid $80,000 a year, and they don't pay $80,000 to players who bat seventh." On the third day Crandall waited until game time and then asked Scott if he could play. "I guess so," he answered. "Good," Crandall said, and he wrote Scott's name into the No. 7 position in the batting order. Scott got two hits, and soon was back in his familiar No. 4 position.

Makes you think, as Jim Colborn might say.

THE WEEK

(June 24-30)

by PAT PUTNAM

NL EAST It's all a matter of your perspective. "The Cubs?" said Montreal Manager Gene Mauch. "At this time in 1969 they looked like a superteam. Now they're a lot older and they still haven't won. Us? Mostly we are the same names, but our young ones are improving and our veterans are playing like they can."

While everyone else waits for them to fade—as has been their wont—the Cubs rolled merrily on, winning six of eight and enlarging their divisional lead to seven games. At the moment the biggest problem in Chicago appears to be the lack of lights at Wrigley Field. Just think, should the Cubs make it to the World Series, they will be the home team in the Tuesday-Wednesday-Thursday set of games. NBC has already decreed that these games will be played at night. And what television decrees, it gets. Oh well, it's still early.

The hitting that carried Montreal to seven straight victories and second place has flickered away like the northern lights. So has second place. On Saturday Pittsburgh handed the Expos their third straight loss, 5-1. For Montreal it was the eighth defeat in 10 games and the 12th in 17. This collapse opened second place to St. Louis, which had finally struggled back to the .500 level but then spun its wheels with a 4-4 week. The Cardinals finished June with an 18-12 record. What St. Louis ought to do is stay away from Pennsylvania clubs. The Cards are 1-6 against Pittsburgh, 4-6 against Philadelphia. At one point the Cardinals, combined record against the two Pennsylvania teams was 1-11.

Finally getting the pitching they had a year ago, the Pirates won five of eight and arose from last place to within 2½ games of second. Philadelphia is hoping Steve Carlton can regain his once-magic touch. While waiting, the Phillies won five of nine. With more talent on the disabled list than on the field, the Mets plunged into the basement. What New York needs is another star in the East.

CHI 42-32 ST. L 37-37 MONT 34-37
PITT 34-38 PHIL 32-40 NY 32-38

NL WEST "It's too early to claim the pennant," said Walter Alston, who has his Los Angeles Dodgers cruising out front by 6½ games, "but I think the league has found out that our young guys don't quit." Since April, the Dodgers have come from behind to win 23 games, and they apparently don't care if it takes a few extra innings. Last Friday night Bill Russell hit a bases-loaded single in the 12th inning to beat Atlanta 12-9. The following night Lee Lacy singled in the 13th to beat the Reds 8-7. The two victories gave the Dodgers a 6-1 mark for the week.

The Giants finished June with a 3-4 week and with Juan Marichal pitching in relief. With at least two players headed for the All-Star Game, San Francisco has talent enough to fill out a couple of rosters, but somehow each June the Giants become the *Titanic* and everybody else plays iceberg.

When you are 11 games back there is no rest for the wounded, and the desperate Reds are hoping that even half a Johnny Bench can help. Bench has a badly pulled calf muscle but is playing with his left leg taped from knee to foot and with a special shoe lift to relieve some of the pressure. "It needs three complete weeks of rest," Bench said. "But I have to play. We need to win." Bench played, but last week the Reds won only two while losing six.

Like everyone else, Houston lost ground to the Dodgers, but the Astros held onto third by winning four of eight. Atlanta, with Henry Aaron hitting No. 693, won four of seven, but the Braves are still 12 victories away from .500 ball. "Our players have got to concentrate more," said Manager Eddie Mathews. The Padres concentrated on losing four of six.

LA 51-27 SF 43-34 HOUS 43-36
CIN 38-37 ATL 33-45 SD 25-52

AL EAST If there is an oil shortage in the U.S., you can't prove it by Gaylord Perry, or so the New York Yankees contended. After losing to Perry in Cleveland, the division leaders charged that the Indians' ace goes to his left armpit more than he does to the rosin bag and that the ball then does unnatural tricks, like dropping 10 to 14 inches just as it reaches the plate. The Yankees' Bobby Murcer even went so far as to say that AL President Joe Cronin and Commissioner Bowie Kuhn were "gutless" for not enforcing the rules. That cost Murcer $250. "And in the future," said Kuhn, "be more discreet." Last Friday

continued



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night in Yankee Stadium Perry again served up whatever it is he throws. This time Roy White hit two home runs and Murcer one, and the Yankees won 7-2. "I hit a hanging greaseball," Murcer said—discreetly. New York won five, against three losses for the week.

Rival catchers kept snapping their fingers in the face of Baltimore's Paul Blair, who underwent hypnotic treatment. He, in turn, snapped off 10 hits in 29 times at bat as the Birds won five games in a row to move past Milwaukee into second place.

After a spell of prosperity, the Brewers staggered, winning only one of six. Three losses were to the Tigers, who are holding steady in fifth place. Boston, mired by rain, got in five games and won three of them. If there is any oil in Cleveland, it's on a slide. The Indians dropped five of seven.

NY 43-33 BALT 37-31 MIL 37-36
BOST 36-35 DET 37-36 CLEV 27-46

AL WEST

In a division where it seems a base on balls can drop you from first to fifth, Oakland was grumbling and winning, and the harried White Sox were losing. Dick Allen, four games and first place. Allen's injury came in a collision with California's burly Mike Epstein that would have floored most players. Not Allen. Moments later, on a grounder hit to his right, Allen sprinted 50 feet, gloved the ball and threw out the runner—all on a leg that X rays later showed to have two hairline fractures. Without a trace of a limp, Allen walked to the dugout. "I won't be out long," he told Manager Chuck Tanner. The White Sox took him at his word: he was placed only on a 15-day disabled list.

"This team gets a lot of press about griping and bickering," said Oakland Coach Jerry Adair, "but while they talk, they also play ball." While talking, the A's won five of eight and moved into first place, half a game in front of Minnesota (5-3 and up from fourth to second place) and a full game up on Chicago. "I still think the White Sox are the team to beat," said Reggie Jackson after hitting two home runs off faltering Wilbur Wood (six straight defeats) and powering the A's over Chicago 3-2 Saturday afternoon.

The Royals are unhappy because they do not have a left-handed relief pitcher, but last week it didn't matter. The team's long suit, defense, fell apart and Kansas City found itself in a five-game losing streak. "I can't go out and field and throw the ball for them," growled Manager Jack McKeon. Texas got a big victory and a big crowd (35,698) out of 18-year-old pitcher David Clyde (*page 16*), but lost six of nine other games to fall out of the cellar into a mine shaft.

OAK 42-36 MINN 39-33 CHI 36-33
CAL 36-36 KC 42-38 TEX 26-46







Tom and June Bracken. Waterbury, Conn. Both teach school. He's 28. She's 27. People seemed surprised they own a 1973 Buick LeSabre.

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Standard
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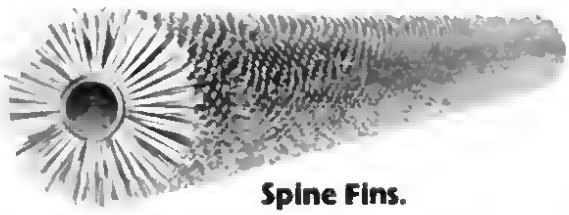
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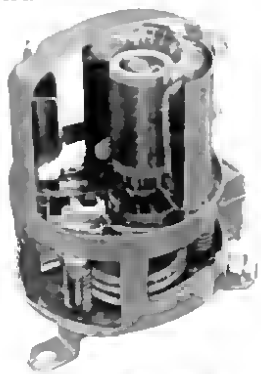
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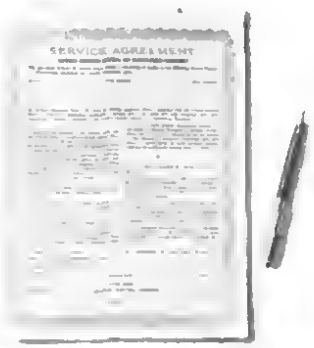


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GENERAL ELECTRIC

They have wins in their sails

The discus throwers, looking for wind, found a home on the range

There is not much to attract even antelopes to Antelope Valley, a dull, reddish-gray stretch of desert on the edge of the Mojave some 70 freeway miles north of Los Angeles. Its major enticements are Palmdale, which has a reservoir, Lancaster, which is the home of Antelope Valley Junior College, and some pretty good rabbit hunting. Then, quite by accident, a couple of visitors built more like bull elephants than the fleet creatures that gave the valley its name discovered the wind, and Antelope Valley became hallowed ground. The visitors were discus throwers, and to anyone whose cup of tea is sending saucers flying, a reliable wind is a precious commodity.

Miles Lister and Dave Weber were the pioneers. Discus throwers living and working in Los Angeles, they had driven out from the city one chilly dawn in 1968 to shoot rabbits. They parked Weber's Volkswagen in a likely spot and Lister opened the door to climb out. Well, no, that isn't quite the way it worked. Lister, who is 6'5" and 265, *tried* to climb out only to find himself penned in by the force of a 50-mph gale.

"Wow!" he shouted when he finally shouldered his way out of the car and clung to its side to keep from being blown off into the desert. "What a great find!"

Only Hollywood special effects men and discus throwers could say that. A wind that bends palm trees nearly double, hurls sand and debris through the streets of Palmdale and Lancaster like grapeshot and regularly obliges the residents to walk backward is virtuous only because of regulations in track and field that mainly concern the discus throw. In most other events—sprinting, the jumps, the hurdles—no official record can be claimed if a wind greater than 4.4 mph is at the performer's back. In races of one lap or more the runners get the breeze coming and going. But in the discus any wind is allowed.

There is no doubt that a strong one can help a throw, but the degree cannot be measured. To obtain meaningful data anemometers would have to be spotted from ground level up to 30 feet in the air, like barrage balloons. And which wind direction provides significant aid? Among discus men the consensus is that the wind helps most when it is steady and quartering, and that 40 mph can add at least 20 feet to a well-executed throw.

The kinesthetic delight of hurling a discus 10′, farther than heretofore, plus the esthetic gratification of watching a smoothly tapered, two-kilo wooden platter soar so far and so gracefully, are only two of the reasons why discus throwers are so turned on by the wind. There are also practical factors. No recent world discus record has been set without the aid of a good, brisk wind. The wind can also help run-of-the-ring performers achieve the qualifying standards they need to compete in national championships or in the Olympic Games, or possibly just to surpass 200 feet, the event's four-minute mile. Even for the very best, such an ego trip can be an essential morale booster. This is because throwing the discus is an act that often tumbles the athletes who try it into a state of acute depression.

"Discus throwers are a breed apart," says Gary Ordway, a high school teacher from Huntington Beach, Calif. who ranked ninth in the U.S. last year although he is only 5'10". "Our event is such a problem in timing, involving so many complex motor skills, that we are prone to high cycles and low cycles. We get frustrated, moody and withdrawn."

"The technique is like the golf swing," says John Powell, a San Jose policeman who finished fourth in the discus at the 1972 Olympics. "It involves precise moves carefully linked together. If one or two go wrong the whole thing goes haywire."

Who can blame discus throwers, then, for seeking out such meccas of the wind as Reno, Nev., where Jay Silvester set the current world record of 224' 5" back in 1968; or Malmo, Sweden, where the monstrous Swede, Ricky Bruch, used the wind blowing off the Oresund Straits to equal Silvester; or Long Beach, Calif., where the 1972 Olympic champion, Ludvik Danek of Czechoslovakia, has posted three of his best marks—or Antelope Valley?

Silvester is a special case. Usually a calm athlete, he got carried away one Sunday afternoon in May 1968 when a sudden wind slammed a storm door shut at the back of his house in Smithfield, Utah and shattered its windows. Ignoring the scattered pieces of glass, Silvester snatched up his discus, rushed out to the high school track three miles away and launched an ego builder of 242' 5", a prodigious 29 feet over the then existing world record. "The wind must have been between 40 and 50 mph," he recalls, "and there was a slight snowfall. It was a glorious day."

Had they brought their own discuses with them the day they discovered Antelope Valley, Lister says, he and Weber would have been out on the freeway, boots and all, pirouetting and flinging like crazy. Instead, they filed their find away for future reference—and action.

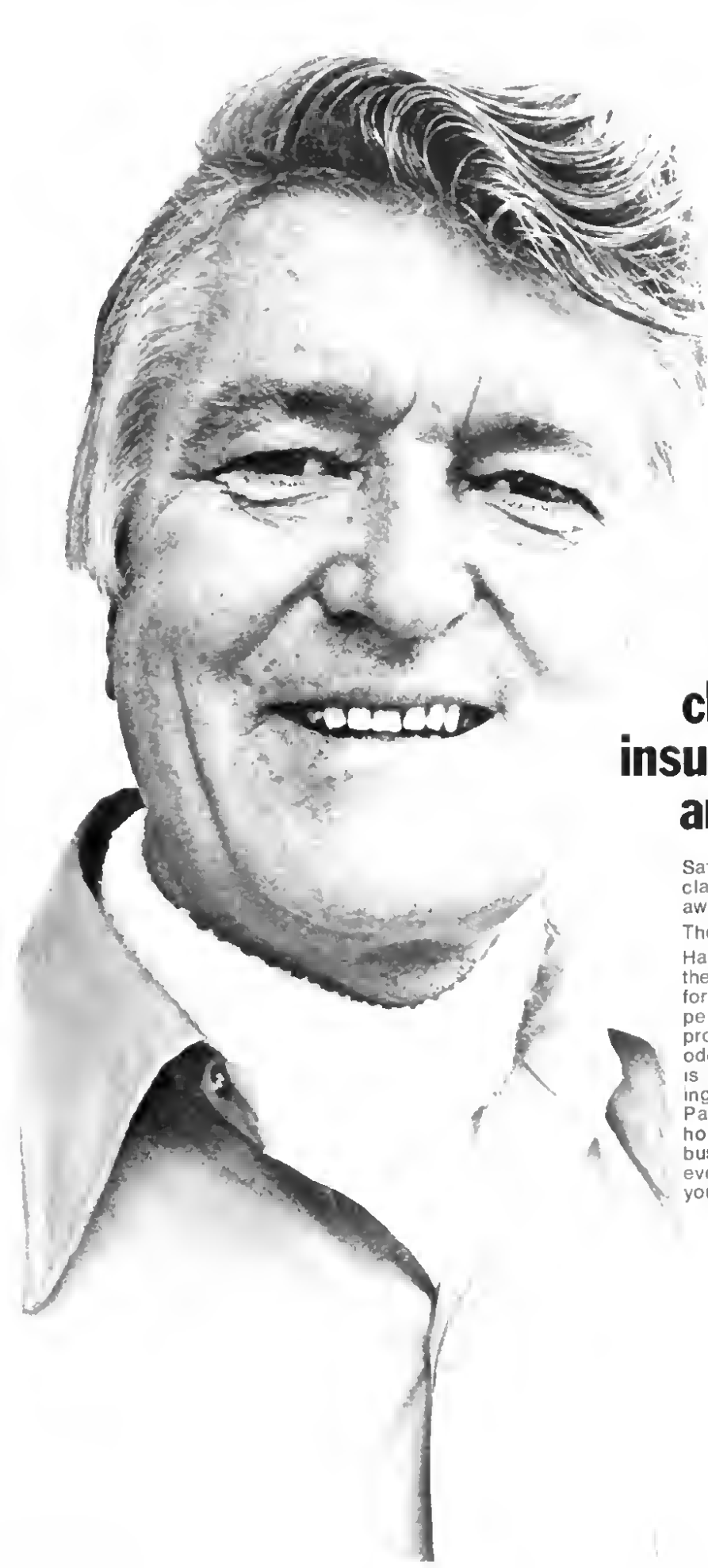
Action came after student demonstrations in 1970 caused the cancellation of the West Coast Relays at Fresno State. Determined to throw, Lister headed for the Valley.

Conditions were perfect: a quartering wind of about 40 mph, a stadium open to the wind on three sides. Elated, Lister went to work and soon was watching his tosses slide down the wind farther than they had ever gone before. The field was unlined, but Lister paced off his longest throw and conservatively estimated it at 212 feet, 15 feet beyond his previous best. All that was needed now were some officially authorized discus-only meets. Records would surely follow.

The next weekend Lister helped organize a competition for himself and six others, but alas, the wind failed to cooperate. "Can't understand it," muttered Antelope Valley's track coach, Austin Jordan. "First time in five months we haven't had gale winds around here."

They had them when Lister and his friends next showed up. That was in February 1971, and in the group was Jim Howard, from Arcadia High in Scottsdale, Ariz. First, using the regulation discus (4 pounds, 6.4 ounces), Howard threw 173' 6", close to the 175' 8" record set by a schoolboy in 1937. Next, using the lighter interscholastic discus

continued



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(3 pounds, 9 ounces), Howard exceeded the high school record by four inches with a heave of 201′ 7″.

It was a good start, but the discus jackpot was not hit until 10 weeks later, on Sunday, May 16. This was the day after the Bakersfield (Calif.) Classic, a conventional, full-event evening track and field meet. The preliminary reports indicated superb wind conditions in the desert, so Lister had no difficulty persuading a field of 10 top throwers to come to Antelope Valley for a discus-and-shotput-only meet the following afternoon.

Few of the throwers competing in the discus at Bakersfield could claim to be on a high cycle (the event was won by Silvester with a throw of just over 203 feet), but at least one, Ed Kohler, was so pleased with his form that he drove out that night to Lancaster and slept in his car, waiting for the start. The others, only slightly more restrained, arrived the following morning. One car, bearing Tim Vollmer, a world-class thrower then stationed at Fort MacArthur, almost never reached the field. Vollmer spotted a garbage pail being blown down the middle of the highway and demanded that the driver stop right there for a few throws.

The caravan, fortunately, forged on through the gale to the Antelope Valley campus, where the scene would have struck anybody but a discus thrower as odd. Out in the desert clouds of sand swirled across the horizon. Large men in sweat suits were leaping up and down and cheering as winds of 40 to 45 mph whipped across the football field. Even the first stand-up throws were remarkable, soaring out well over 180 feet.

When the meet got under way Jay Silvester had a foul throw of 239′ 11″ and then sent a legal toss far downfield and out onto the rubberized asphalt running track. It left a scar on the track 230′ 11″ from the ring, six feet beyond his world record. Vollmer threw 221′ 1″, his best ever by a margin of almost 15 feet. Mike Hoffman, formerly of Brigham Young, reached 216 feet, an improvement of over 23 feet. Seven of the 10 discus throwers topped 205 feet. Never before had the discus been thrown so far by so many in a single meet. Said one, fearing legislation against wind-aided throws, "we may have gone *too* far this time."

As luck would have it, they did not go far enough. Monday morning when Jordan arrived at his office he discovered that the application for the AAU sanction had not been mailed; it was still lying on the top of his desk. So Silvester's world mark would never be recognized.

A scattering of discus meets have been held at Antelope Valley since with excellent results, though nothing to match the super throws that took place that memorable Sunday. The established routine now is to make a preliminary weather check on Thursday, then check again early Sunday morning. If the wind is up, the discus throwers come blowing in from all directions. Lister is optimistic that a record-breaking burst could happen any week now. "A day like that Sunday will happen again," he predicts, "because Mother Nature is going to will it." **END**

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Native son for Troon

An eminent British golf writer assesses countryman Peter Oosterhuis, who nearly won the Masters and is aiming at next week's British Open

For Jack Nicklaus the change from amateur to professional was easy, simply a continuation of excellence, and over the years other young Americans were similarly unafraid of success in their first year of earning; but it was never so in Britain. Then Peter Oosterhuis came along and banished the myth that the professional's skills could be acquired only after years of servitude. It was Oosterhuis, you may recall, who led the Masters this spring by three strokes after three rounds, only to falter and finish third. Next week at Troon, along with countryman Tony Jacklin, he will try to give the British Open a homebred winner.

No British golfer ever made the transition from amateur with less strain; not for Oosterhuis the long struggle, frustration, heartache and disillusionment that have beset so many on changing codes. The graph of his career makes a smooth upward line with scarcely a kink in it. As Gene Sarazen once said of Tommy Armour, "As an amateur he was just fair. When he turned professional he made himself magnificent." Oosterhuis was more than a fair amateur, and there is every indication that he will become a superb professional.

Since deciding late in 1968 to devote his life to golf, Oosterhuis has won some $200,000 in prize money and a dozen or more important tournaments, most recently last month's French Open. For the past two years he has headed the British professional rankings and won Britain's Vardon Trophy for the lowest stroke average. In the 1971 Ryder Cup match in St. Louis he bested Arnold Palmer and Gene Littler on the same day with something to spare. He has beaten Gary Player at match play in major events in Britain and South Africa, and in the Masters shared third place with Jim Jamieson and Nicklaus. Only Jacklin among modern British golfers had comparable achievements at the same age.

The Oosterhuis family background is comfortable middle class, a degree of financial security that has contributed to Peter's confidence on the tour. Peter's father, a commodity broker and a Dutchman by birth, came to England in 1945 after the liberation of southern Holland, joined the Royal Air Force and took an English wife. After the war he joined the Dutch Fleet Air Arm and was sent to the Pacific. Eventually he returned to London where, in May 1948, Peter was born.

Although his parents played golf (his mother has a single-figure handicap), Peter was 12 before he started. One day his mother took him along while she picked blackberries on the course at Dulwich in southeast London. Peter was given a club, and that was it. It was soon obvious that he had exceptional aptitude, as well as a rare temperament, the legacy of a balanced, unspoiled upbringing.

Oosterhuis went to Dulwich College, a well-known public school, which in Britain means private and Establishment, and golf gradually superseded his interest in other games. Through the Golf Foundation he was taught by Len Rowe, the local professional, and within four years was a scratch player. "I gave a lot more time to golf than my schoolwork, which obviously suffered," he says, "but I can't have any regrets. It has been very profitable for one of my age. At one time they told me it was a pity that I hadn't taken advantage of what brain I had. Now the only thing I have a brain for is golf." Typically, he understates himself. His lucid mind could master many things, though not perhaps in fields paying $80,000 a year and more.

continued

AT THE MASTERS, OOSTERHUIS TOOK A TIP FROM HIS WIFE AND A THREE-SHOT LEAD





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One May afternoon in 1966, the year that Nicklaus won his first British Open, Oosterhuis won the Berkshire Trophy, a prestige 72-hole event that attracted a fine amateur field. Few of the watchers had heard of him, fewer still could pronounce his name correctly (for "huis" say "house"). He was just 18 and stood 6'5" with an unusually compact swing, almost an elongated flick; it seemed then—and great power. In his final-round 67 he toyed with a testing course to the tune of nine 3s in the first 12 holes. By odd coincidence, that same day in Belfast Jacklin won his first big professional tournament. Now they stand together at the head of British golf—Peter behind Tony, but maybe not for long. It was Jacklin whom Peter beat by one stroke to win his French Open title.

From the day he took the Berkshire Trophy, the progress of Oosterhuis has seemed inevitable. His selection for the 1967 Walker Cup team was never in doubt. His consistency in stroke play events the next year gained him a place in the world team championship at Melbourne and he posted the third-best individual score for the event.

Oosterhuis began his professional career on the South African circuit early in 1969. "I did not do anything different to prepare myself," he says. "As far as I was concerned it was the same game. You just had to be more proficient in all departments of it. I never found playing day after day was the strain some people imagine. As long as my golf remains of a fair standard I don't get stale. I was not under pressure to make money, and never had the problem of playing badly for any length of time."

In 1970 Oosterhuis ranked seventh in Britain, won over $25,000 and tied for sixth in the Open at St. Andrews. He was now established, and a year later South Africa again proved a profitable beginning to his season. There he met Anne Coney, now his wife.

Since their marriage, Anne has missed only one of Peter's tournaments, but the prospect of a child in October will interrupt that for a while. As yet they have no home of their own; in rare intervals between events they stay with his parents in London or hers in South Africa.

Anne is not a golfer but is shrewdly perceptive of her man. Usually she walks alone, an attractive, trim figure keeping ahead of the play so as not to be submerged by the gallery, and watching every stroke. As Peter says, "She can see when I become negative in my attitude, when I am approaching a shot in the wrong frame of mind, but not until Augusta this year has she offered any technical comment." After the first round of the Masters she remarked that Peter was crouching lower than usual over his putts. He took the advice, stood more erect and putted excellently thereafter, especially in the third round when his 68, the only score under 71 that day, took him three strokes clear of the field.

His failure to win the Masters stemmed from a moment of indecision. When he stood on the 15th fairway in the last round, a birdie and three pars would have tied him with Tommy Aaron. Doubt as to whether he had the right club for the shot caused him to come off the stroke and slice a three-wood. The result was a six, but he did not panic and ended with three pars. No British golfer had ever finished better than 12th at Augusta.

"I did not feel the pressure as much as many thought I would," Oosterhuis says. "I had less to lose than the other players. I did not have thoughts of the million dollars and all the bits and pieces that go with winning."

Oosterhuis spends little time dreaming of such glories. He regards his career in practical rather than emotional terms. He keeps detailed statistics of his play: stroke averages, number of putts, and fairways and greens hit—yet he does not let the figures mislead him. "I take things like beating Gary Player twice and making the Ryder Cup team as a truer guide."

Nor is he anxious to join the U.S. tour. "The problem used to be that the only big money was there," he says. "But now, if you are prepared to play around the world, you can make $75,000, as I did last year. You can play on a rich variety of courses in interesting places and your expenses are less." As a Ryder Cup player he can compete in six U.S. PGA tournaments this year, while his third-place finish guarantees him another invitation to the Masters next year, so America will be seeing him again.

"I've never had specific ambitions," he says, "like winning the British Open in a particular year, or the Masters. I just want to see that I keep improving and let the ambitions take care of themselves." His opponents at Troon next week know he would not have to improve much to win his first major championship right now. **END**



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THE TRAVELERS

PRO BASKETBALL / *Jane Gross*

In the Braves' new world, a cookie doesn't crumble

The NBA's two teams that need excitement most, the Braves and 76ers, show off their prized new guards. The result: Ernie D earns an 'A'

Paul Snyder, owner of the NBA Buffalo Braves and majority stockholder in Nabisco, stuck his hand into his cookie jar a couple of years ago and for better than $2 million got Elmore Smith, the seven-footer from Kentucky State. The investment paid off that season with the ungrand total of 22 wins. His next effort to catch a star involved North Carolina's Bob McAdoo. For $1 million he got McAdoo—and a 21-win season. Now Snyder has tried again. This year's prize is Ernie DiGregorio of Providence, who recently accepted $1.5 million to sign with the Braves. Even for a cookie king, that is a lot of Oreos but—to judge by the enthusiasm shown around Buffalo last week—this was no crumby deal.

POPPING JUST LIKE ON THE PLAYGROUND, DiGREGORIO DOMINATED THE FIRST GAME



Showing off what they both regard as rare rookie crops, the Braves and the Philadelphia 76ers staged home and home games for their new players. At Buffalo's Memorial Auditorium 10,280 clamoring townsmen, all seemingly in midseason voice, were not disappointed. The Braves' rookies surprised a far taller 76er team, led by No. 1 draft picks Doug Collins of Illinois State and Raymond Lewis of Los Angeles State, and won 115–96. In the well-publicized first meeting between DiGregorio and Collins, Ernie D easily took round one. He scored 27 points on 12 of 18 shots, had eight assists and, more important to a struggling franchise, threw plenty of his dazzling, crowd-pleasing passes.

DiGregorio was calm and confident, the little kid from down the block coming out to shoot in the school yard. Collins seemed tight. Picked first by a team that had reaped a handful of records for losing, he was carrying a heavy burden on his thin shoulders. The two met head on with just a minute gone in the first quarter, Collins pressing DiGregorio as he brought the ball downcourt. A backcourt foul was called on Collins, and Ernie sank two free throws for his first points as a pro. Both sat out the second period, but in the third they knocked heads again. Collins intercepted one of Ernie's behind-the-back whizzers and, breaking into a grin, loped downcourt for a solo layup—which he missed.

There were a few more hot-dog passes wide of their mark, one a full-courter toward Buffalo's second pick, Ken Charles of Fordham, that may have broken the behind-the-back distance record, but Ernie had won the hearts of his fans. He also won the praise of a more critical audience, the Braves' veterans. Elmore Smith, sitting in the stands with Snyder and Ernie's father, smiled his approval. Forward John Hummer passed up playing softball to see the game. Beforehand he had expressed doubt that DiGregorio could turn the team around. Afterward he marveled, "The kid's terrific. He knows what the game is about."

The next night at Cherry Hill, N.J., Collins evened the score—almost. The 76ers took the game 128–119, Collins leading with 33 points and nine assists

to Ernie's 22 and eight. He went at DiGregorio early, twice drawing fouls from him in the first five minutes. By the half, Ernie had four personals, yet he managed 10 points in the third quarter. More than half of Collins' baskets came on left-handed bank shots, left-side layups off feeds or driving layups down the left as the 76er rookies opened up that side of the court for him. Collins heavily favors the left, an overemphasis that probably will cause him some early grief before he learns to adjust to the seasoned pros, who certainly will adjust to him.

As for DiGregorio, scouts are virtually unanimous that Buffalo made one of the few perfect draft picks in years, securing a floor general to lead their tall shooters up front. They compare him to Bob Cousy, call him the smartest college player they have ever seen, talk of his passing, dribbling, basketball sense, poise and competitiveness.

All Ernie DiGregorio professes to know at the moment is that he is enthusiastic. "I've always dreamed of being an NBA player," Ernie says. "Everything I've wanted has happened. I've been playing for fun all my life and now I'm making a lot—*a lot*—of money. So much money, it's ridiculous. Nobody is worth that much. When I was young, Jimmy Walker was the greatest thing in Providence. He signed a pro contract for $350,000 and I thought he was the luckiest guy in the world. Now I get to play pro ball and make not just a good living but a great living!"

Snyder thinks DiGregorio is worth what he will make, if only from a marketing standpoint. "We're satisfied Ernie's going to give us a product to sell, a legitimate contender," the owner says. "Already he's had a terrific impact. We sold more season tickets in the week he signed than we did all last year."

Snyder refuses to release the actual figures and face comparison with the National Hockey League Sabres, who are outfitting Memorial Auditorium with additional seats to accommodate their overflow crowds. But the Braves are making the most of DiGregorio—and his origins. There are 150,000 Italian-Americans in Erie County and some 350,000 in Toronto, where the team will play 10 games this season. At the signing ceremony Snyder played to the ethnic audience by presenting Ernie with a framed American dollar and a framed Italian lira.

General Manager Eddie Donovan assesses his new man on the court rather than at the cash register. "Guard is where we need help most and of the top players available he was the only pure guard. None of the others run the ball as much. He's got a good feeling for the overall concept of the game. He gets the ball to the right person at the right time. He passes it and gets out of the way."

Braves Coach Jack Ramsay has been this route before with touted rookies. More cautiously, he says, "He'll help us, and obviously we're a better team with him. Just how much better depends on how well he adjusts and how the guys adjust to him. He should enable the other players to fulfill their potential. But no guard has come into the league and burned it up his first year in a long time."

"I don't expect to be Superman right away," says the 6′ DiGregorio. "They'll try to bang me on picks and get me under the basket on mismatches. I'm not the guy to turn the whole thing around. But the game is all upstairs." He points to his head. "And I'm confident. They drafted me to pass the ball and run the break. If I have a shot, it will go up. And I know I can excite people. I can put people in the gym."

That is what the Braves were fighting for through a complicated and near-disastrous week in May while they dickered for DiGregorio. "Ernie's people wouldn't begin negotiations until that series of games with the Russian team was over," Snyder says. "Ernie looked better and better and his value kept going up." It went to $2.5 million, which is what the ABA Kentucky Colonels are reported to have offered DiGregorio before

continued

DRIVING TO HIS LEFT, COLLINS CAME ON FAST AFTER A SLOW SHUFFLE IN BUFFALO



the signing with Buffalo was announced.

"Put it this way," Ernie says, relieved that the bargaining is over. "Would I rather play in places like San Antonio or in Madison Square Garden?" He was going to be rich either way. "Now Ernie D has a lot of decisions to make," he says of himself, "and he's just a 22-year-old who wants to be a regular guy."

With an open, almost pudgy face, an accent with the flat "a" of New England and a propensity for phrases like "Gee whiz" and "Wow," he is surprisingly ordinary, especially for a man who is looking at $140,000 houses for himself and his bride, Susan, and who bought a Lincoln Continental Mark IV with a sun roof. He gave his Thunderbird to his parents and sent his father, a floor scraper in Providence, a plane ticket to come to the rookie games. He talks now of buying his dad a restaurant someday.

"When I was a kid," Ernie says, "my mother told me to stop playing ball and go to work with my father. I promised her I'd make a lot of money someday. Now the challenge starts again. I can't live on the contract. I have to prove I can play."

Collins, too, has to prove he is worth about 6,700 times his weight (180 pounds) in silver dollars, and his problem is perhaps a tougher one. Certainly he will see lots of playing time. As Coach Gene Shue admits, "The rookies will have to form the nucleus of the new 76ers. It's like hanging up a For Sale sign." Shue believes the club drafted wisely: "We have not filled our two biggest needs, a center and a big forward, but there was no real center available."

Ramsay agrees. "It's better to pick a good player like Collins," he says, "than a mediocre one at the position you need. Jim Brewer was the only center type available. Cleveland plans to use him there, but I don't think he can make it." Even Philadelphia's chief scout, Jack McMahon, who was Collins' strongest supporter at draft time, concedes, "We've still got nobody in the middle."

Before the draft and Coach Kevin Loughery's resignation, Philadelphia's plan was to draft Collins and trade him to Chicago for Center Clifford Ray and Guard Bob Weiss. Chicago GM Pat Williams wanted him badly—"He's another Jerry West," Williams says. Collins' Chicago-based agent, Herb Rudoy, wanted him there, too. "He's an Illinois boy. He would have loved to play in Chicago," Rudoy says. But on the morning of the draft the 76ers' doctors nixed the deal; they wanted no part of Ray's injured knee.

So Collins stayed a 76er. There is no doubt about his ability. Eventually, with his size and maneuverability, he may become a better player than DiGregorio. As he showed in the second game last week, he has the skills, and if money is an incentive he now has that, too. He even got the first endorsement contract of the rookies, with Wilson Sporting Goods. But with Philadelphia's problems at center, who is he going to get the ball from? Not, for one, from that smart cookie, Ernie D. **END**

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THE PROBLEMS WILL LICK YOU

NOT ENOUGH

by GEORGE ALLEN with JOE MARSHALL

According to the highly successful coach of the Washington Redskins, the world belongs to those who aim for 110%, who believe that the future is now, who think there is no off-season and who don't take long lunch hours

CONTINUED



Every day you waste is one you can never make up



WINNING IS LIVING

Every time you win, you're reborn; when you lose, you die a little

Mental preparation never ends

If I've succeeded it's because I outwork most people. Work is simply a synonym for effort, and as I tell my players, "a hundred percent is not enough." The average American pictures himself as an extremely hard worker. Sociologists and psychologists have shown, however, that most persons are really operating on less than half power. In terms of effort, they may never get over 50% although they think of themselves as 90% producers. Therefore, to get 100% you must aim for 110%. The world belongs to those who aim for 110%.

I never expect anyone to do more than I do. Long ago I learned that regardless of how little or how much a football coach works, most of those with whom he is associated will work a little less. I've always been fortunate to have good assistants. I have known football coaches who have made it a point never to work after dinner. And in each instance their assistants made the same point. When I was an assistant under George Halas I didn't work as hard as the head coach. A man's work habits are set by the boss. I have closely studied every coach I have known, head coach and assistant, and I have found hardly any difference between the best of them and the worst of them. You wonder why does this guy win, why does that guy lose? The guy that loses seems to be a good guy, seems to know his stuff. Yet some are winners and some are losers—both now and probably forevermore. And three things divide them all: total effort versus not quite that much, total preparation versus less than that and an understanding that winning is living.

To me the real test of every man and every woman is how much they give of themselves. What gripes me most is that people think they want something but when it comes to a little work—a job or doing some extra study—they fall by the wayside.

I'd like to hire a young coach with about four years of experience who is single, who would work day and night seven days a week and who wanted to learn. He'd want to work so badly that he'd work for nothing. If I could find that guy, then I'd have a picture of myself 26 years ago. I'd really like to find somebody like that. That guy could go up the ladder—in a hurry.

I think that when you like your job so much that you enjoy coming to the office every morning you're fortunate. That's the way I have always been. I'd rather do my job than anything else. I can see no difference between a chair and a man who sits in a chair if he is not accomplishing something. One must accomplish to live. I don't care to take a long lunch hour. I eat right on the job. I think that in two years here I have only had about four lunches somewhere else because I'd rather work out and be with my coaches or the staff discussing something that's going to help us win. We often put in a 40-hour week by Wednesday. When I watch TV, and I don't watch often, I always arrange some pamphlets or a notebook or some quick phone calls for the commercials. I don't want to waste the time while I'm watching. I just dread anything that takes me away from trying to improve our situation. Here's something I strongly believe: every day you waste is one you can never make up. Winners don't waste time, and that applies in every walk of life.

The winner is the only individual who is truly alive. I've said this to our ball club: every time you win, you're reborn; when you lose, you die a little. If players are willing to accept a season in which they win half their games, they will win half their games and they will emerge half alive. A lot of players are half dead and don't know it. If they lose all their games and the fact does not kill them, they are already dead. Some players are dead. This is the way I feel.

I was reading about a team that lost 23 straight games, or maybe more than that, and in the report everyone was blaming everyone else. Not one guy said, "Listen, I didn't do my job." The 76ers are a good example of that. They lost more games than any basketball team in history and not one person blamed himself. I think their new coach Gene Shue, will turn them around, though.

The situation was similar with the Los Angeles Rams in 1966. The players blamed the coaches, the coaches blamed the players, the owners blamed each other, the front office blamed the coaches.

I thought the Redskins, with a fine offense and no defense, was a good place for me. I knew that first I had to get another quarterback to back up Sonny Jurgensen, and the only one I had in mind was Billy Kilmer. Kilmer had always done a good job against the Rams and I had promised my players there that if he ever became available I'd get him for us. With our fine offensive personnel I thought the Redskins could win the first year if we could get a strong defense. Early in my coaching career, about 1952, I realized that you weren't going to win a championship unless you had a great defense. I spent most of my time on offense then and we had success, but we didn't have a strong enough defense to stop the opposition when the offense had an off day. The Knicks win on defense, the Canadiens win on defense, even the great Yankee teams were defensively oriented.

So I set about trying to get defensive men. That's when we picked up all those players from the Rams. People have called that a short-term trade, but I don't understand why. Diron Talbert was what—27? He had five more years, and in my opinion he's one of the best defensive linemen in the league. He went for our first draft choice in that trade. Where are you going to get a first draft choice like that, already trained in your system? Heck, here are the men who represent our first three choices since I've been in Washington: Talbert, Verlon Biggs this year and Roy Jefferson next year. We also got Jack Pardee in that Ram trade as well as Myron Pottios. I think John Wilbur was 28 when we got him. He's a starting guard who's been an outstanding performer. Maxie Baughan was also in that trade and he made a contribution even though he didn't play. In addition, we traded Los Angeles' fifth draft choice to Green Bay for Boyd Dowler.

When I came to the Redskins, there was no off-season program. If you don't do things in the off-season, you're not going to win. There's a million and one things to do and people who think there's an off-season in this business, or in any business, are mistaken. If there's an off-season, there's something wrong. The off-season is the time when you improve.

continued



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Every day, unless you make some progress you're going to get behind or someone's going to get ahead of you. To me, what you do with your free time determines how successful you'll be and what you're going to contribute in life. We have a big sign in the weight room and it says one thing. WHAT YOU DO IN THE OFF-SEASON DETERMINES WHAT YOU DO DURING THE SEASON. That's part of my philosophy. I have always believed the future is now, in life as in football. Another part of our philosophy here is to take somebody nobody wants, somebody who is supposed to be a problem, because we think we can solve his problems. We have lots of players who were supposed to be troublemakers, and they have played well for us. I have yet to find a player with a reputation as a bad egg who actually is a bad egg. Money isn't always the answer. Money doesn't make one happy, although it helps. Biggs made less with us his first year here than he did with the Jets, but he has played fine football for us. What most people really want is recognition. Mainly it is just a matter of understanding a player and knowing how to handle him.

I think the toughest part of coaching is the individual conferences with players going over their problems. Not football problems. That's the least of it. It's the other worries, the type a man has no control over, but if you don't solve them or help solve them, then that man is not going to produce well. If a player has a problem, I think that's my problem. I want to know every detail about it and see if we can't alleviate it so we can win.

One thing you can't do in this business. You can't let problems lick you, because you're going to have them. Every day I run up to three miles and work out with weights. The reason I do this is just to offset all the gosh darn problems that come up. If you're not in shape, the problems will lick you. Each year you're going to have more problems and different kinds, and if you approach them right you can solve them all. I really don't believe, and I say this in all sincerity, that we were put on the earth just to have a good time, to laugh and joke. I think we were put here to overcome problems. I don't think there are any I can't solve or that we can't solve together. And I don't fear them.

We've got a linebacker in our camp named Steve Kiner. He was originally a third choice of the Dallas Cowboys but last year he had some had personal difficulties and was released outright by the New England Patriots and the Miami Dolphins. No one wanted him. So we brought him in and sent him to a psychiatrist. We gave him constant treatment and the players helped him and worked with him. We had him on defense in some practices and one of our halfbacks would be carrying the ball in a regular half-line scrimmage and Kiner would haul off and clobber him. But he was going through stages of improving himself. We've now reached the point with Kiner where we know he may be able to help us. This is important because I think coaching is not just taking a player who's got a lot of talent and using him. Whether he plays football for the Redskins or not, we think we've helped a guy and maybe saved a life. Steve Kiner spent the winter working out at Redskin Park, our practice facility. He's quick—he'll run the 40 in about 4.7 and he's become the second strongest player on the team. When he came in he weighed 198 pounds and he's now up to around 218. The only man stronger is Manny Sistrunk and Manny's got arms like a blacksmith. Even with Dave Robinson, whom we just got from the Packers, Kiner is still very important in our program. He's going to start our first preseason game at left linebacker, Jack Pardee's old spot, and he'll play three quarters.

ALLEN'S PRO RECORD AS HEAD COACH

TEAM	YEAR	WON	LOST	TIED	DIVISION FINISH
Los Angeles	1966	8	6	0	Third
Los Angeles	1967	11	1	2	First
Los Angeles	1968	10	3	1	Second
Los Angeles	1969	11	3	0	First
Los Angeles	1970	9	4	1	Second
Washington	1971	9	4	1	Second
Washington	1972	11	3	0	First

Part of my personality is that I like my players, regulars or not. I'm happy for their success. When I talk about them with others I actually feel emotional, just like they were members of my family. That's partly my philosophy but it's also my disposition. I try to develop a team of people whom I know. If we prepare them properly, they'll win. When they make a mistake or do something wrong, I blame myself. When they lose I blame myself. If they lose, I feel that somehow, subconsciously, I let them down.

Whoever said you don't need to motivate a pro didn't know how wrong he was. You've got to motivate everybody, veterans and rookies alike. I feel very fortunate that throughout my life, for one reason or another, I have been a self-starter. Not that I don't have my ups and downs, but it seems that the more problems I have, the more setbacks, the more things stimulate me the other way, whereas some guys get down about the least little thing.

I think that each person is an individual and what works with one will fail for another. I don't try to start motivating a player right away. If I don't know him too well, I just talk to him and get his thinking on different things—on what he hopes to achieve, what he's done in the past, why he succeeded or didn't succeed, what he was going to do in the off-season and what he was going to do after practice. You can learn a lot just talking to a guy. And then after that I see what he does on the practice field, in meetings, off the field, and I soon find out whether it's just talk or if he's in earnest. Sometimes just the way you talk to people can motivate them. But I don't have much patience with a player who won't study and prepare himself and make a few sacrifices. That player is not going to help us win our championship. You know the type of guy I'd like to hire if I were at the Naval Academy? I'd hope that the man I was interviewing would say, "I'd like to play Army a nine-game schedule. Nobody else but Army." That's the type of guy I want to hire.

I think the mental part of the game is more difficult than the physical part. I don't know how much more difficult it

continued

is. I think mental preparation never ends, whereas I think with physical preparation you can be out on the field for an hour and a half or two hours and it's over. But the mental part continues on and on—when you're eating, when you're sleeping, when you're walking around.

Trading is part of the mental game for me and it is another thing you have to work very hard at. You have to know what you want—that's the most important thing in trading, to know what you want and what you'll give up. I think if you want something badly enough, you'll get it. It's really that simple. If you want it badly enough, no matter what it is, you'll get it if you just stay on it morning, noon and night, if you just drive yourself and drive yourself to get it. You have to know more than just the position, you have to know the type of player that will fit into your team. Experience itself isn't worth a cent unless it's the right type of experience. The right type of experience means being in an organization that knows how to win, knows what to do to win, is completely organized, has a philosophy and a program. This is why I wanted Dave Robinson. I wanted the right type of individual, not just experience. The woods are full of experience.

There's so much misunderstanding about experience that it's even difficult to talk about. Just because a guy is 30 or over doesn't mean he's old. Maybe he's not as fast, but he doesn't have to be because he's smarter and he'll be in the right spot at the right time. I don't think you can always be building toward the future. People are constantly looking for a player who's 22, who has eight or nine more years. In baseball you always hear about the great young pitching staff where the oldest starter is 24. That has nothing to do with it. How much ability do they have? How much do they want it? To me the best years of an athlete's life are after 30, provided he takes care of himself. I think he appreciates more, he has more leadership, he's smarter, he's more dedicated, he makes more of a contribution to the entire team than he did when he was 24. Al Kaline is a notable example in baseball. Henry Aaron, Frank Robinson and Willie Mays are others. In hockey Alex Delvecchio of the Red Wings is one and so is Henri Richard of the Canadiens.

What the heck, where would the Lakers be without Jerry West and Wilt Chamberlain? Or for that matter, where would Miami be without Earl Morrall? He's a 39-year-old quarterback. Look what George Blanda has done. And there are many others. Houston has two fine young quarterbacks and they've got a future. But there has to be somebody guiding the program and getting a balance in there, otherwise you're just showing up for the game, that's all.

Everybody has to have a philosophy. A lot of teams don't have one or, if they do, it changes every year. You've got to believe in certain things, know what you want, and not let the criticism of the public and the media bother you. Men like Walter Alston, Bill Sharman, Johnny Wooden and Emile Francis took charge of their programs this way and succeeded. You don't change your philosophy when you lose if it's a sound philosophy and you understand it. Some teams change their philosophies just because they've lost. I'd never do that. For instance, I think what J. D. Roberts is trying to do in New Orleans is going to take a little time, but I think in the long run it's sound. They're going with youth, and it's taking them a little longer for various reasons I'm not going to get into, but I think they are on the right track. But if they get disgusted after another losing season and suddenly change, then all those years are wiped out.

So winning isn't just getting experienced players or spending money. The Seattle SuperSonics may have spent more money than any team in basketball and they finished next to last. The most important thing you need is organization.

One of the results of good organization is concentration from your players. Concentration is necessary for good practices and they're a large part of winning. I don't want our game plan defeated before we have a chance to execute it. But you can't concentrate with distractions all around. You can't enjoy a lecture or an artist performing if you aren't in the right atmosphere, if you aren't comfortable. It's like taking a night class and in the room in which the professor lectures the acoustics aren't good and the seats are uncomfortable and as a result you don't get much out of it. If I were teaching the class, I'd want a certain seating arrangement. I'd want the student to be stimulated as he walked in the classroom, before I even started lecturing. That's not pampering, that's part of the lecture.

When I was in L.A., I used to get permission to attend the classes of the professors of the year at the University of Southern California. I'd sit in the last row and just watch how that professor handled a class. I've gotten a catalog for Georgetown University and intend to do the same there soon. That's my way of having a little personal clinic. It shows me the reasons why that professor is so successful—the discipline he had in class and the techniques he used to communicate.

I like signs and other reminders. I just love them. I have a sign on my desk that says THE TEAM IS NEVER UP! I put that there after the Super Bowl. We were flat for the Super Bowl, hard as that is to imagine. Just before the game I was going to talk to the team and rile them up. I thought the dressing room was subdued. But then I thought to myself, "I don't have to do that, this is the Super Bowl. It's the biggest game of their lives." That sign reminds me never to take anything for granted and to always do what you believe. I like to get people to think. That's why I use constant reminders. I think you've got to say things over and over again because you only get through to about 40% the first time. It doesn't bother me that those 40% have to listen to it maybe seven times. That's no problem. That's the way it should be. It's better for them to listen to it seven times and win than not to listen to it and lose.

We'll make changes at our training camp this year. Every season we make some changes but never just for the sake of change. Everything we do is calculated to help us win. These things may seem minor but the results can be major. Last year we stopped running 40-yard striders at the end of practice and replaced them with "perfect plays." The players have to sprint only 20 yards on a perfect play, but since we run 10 or 15 of them they get as much running done. This gives the physical work a different flavor; they're not just running for the sake of running. For every play they bust they have to do two more even if just one player makes a mistake. This way they are learning plays and at the same time developing better concentration as a team, plus improving their condition.

I had an agronomist in this spring and we went over the procedure of weed killing and sodding and grading and we're improving the drainage system at Red-

continued



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skin Park. That may not seem like it's part of coaching philosophy but to me it is. When we come back from our training camp in September I want a great practice field to be waiting—green grass and no weeds. I don't want to be killing weeds in September. I want the field to be lined with yard markers and everything to be perfect so that we can start fresh. Some people would say that's the groundkeeper's responsibility. But to me it's my responsibility. Tommy McVean, our equipment manager, is going to replace the padding on the goalposts. I want my players to see that everything is freshly painted, everything is replaced, everything is new that has to be new and that it's the start of a new year.

We're doing so many things. I'm bringing in a man who has a punting machine. For years I've been looking for a punting machine so we wouldn't wear our kickers out, a machine that kicks spirals so we can practice catching punts. And when we are going to face a left-footed punter, the machine will spiral the ball the other way. It makes a difference—the ball fades away.

To me such things are ABCs and always have been. Some people don't consider that coaching. To me creating Redskin Park is a major coaching accomplishment. I wanted Redskin Park because I think it's important to have a place the players can call home, where we have everything under one roof. When a player comes out here, he's getting ready to win. There's nobody around who shouldn't be here. This is our home. When we practiced at Georgetown, we had students and people right off the street milling around. That's not conducive to winning football. Here the players have their own parking lot for 90 cars where they don't have to worry about getting a space or being towed. As a result, whenever they come into this area, they can concentrate on football and winning. It helps morale. The players can walk right out of the dressing room onto the practice field, and that's important. We not only have the grass field, we have an AstroTurf one. When we are scheduled to play on AstroTurf, we should practice on it. It's that simple. Besides that, in Washington weather is a consideration and the synthetic field always gives us a place to practice. All of this comes under one word: organization.

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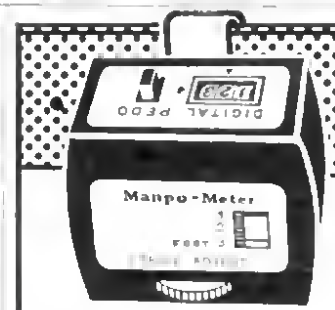


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ington because we will not let anything go without examining it. There is no detail that is too small. For instance, I was the first coach to have a special teams assistant coach, now many teams do. Marv Levy did such a fine job that he's now head coach for Montreal. Special teams are important because the kicking game is vital to winning. I emphasize defense, and the next phase of the game that goes with defense is a fine kicking game and then an offense that doesn't give up the football, that controls it and keeps it away from opponents. A special teams coach is something that should have been thought of years before. Eventually all teams will have some form of a Redskin Park, and they all will have a special teams coach. You can look into many different areas of the game, but we will stay ahead because we will always think of something else to improve. What we're doing is so sound and so simple that it will continue to be productive.

I don't want anyone getting his training at my expense. That applies to the front office as well as the players. I have an experienced secretary named Shirley Krystek who came with me from the Rams. She's a tremendous help, she often knows what I'm thinking before I even say it. And we have experienced people throughout our front office. There are so many people I wish I could mention but I don't have the space. I am very fortunate in having a wonderful wife, Etty, who understands me and who is patient. Unless a coach or executive in a responsible position has that type of wife I don't think he can succeed completely, because in order to do all the things that I want to do with my work I have to have a wife like mine who will put up with my being away from home so much. However, I try to get together with my family whenever I can. Recently Etty and I were guests of our children George, Greg, Bruce and Jennifer for a weekend that they planned for us. We drove down to Charlottesville to pick up my oldest son. Then our entire family went to Cape Hatteras for a weekend where we cooked out on the beach and enjoyed each other's company.

I am also thankful for my eight years with George Halas, who's a great man. I think that sometimes you can be around people who are successful and it doesn't rub off, but I've always been aware of being in the presence of someone like Halas. I learned from Sid Gillman, too.

continued

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GEORGE ALLEN *continued*

And one of the main reasons I'm with the Redskins is because of my great admiration for Jack Kent Cooke, a major owner, who is a guy who came up the hard way selling encyclopedias from door to door. I appreciate people who came up the hard way. And I appreciate working for Ed Williams, the president of the Redskins, who has supported me in everything I've done here.

I think football offers the toughest competition of any sport. The goal of every team and every coach is to win the Super Bowl. Some people say the Redskins can't win big games. Those people don't know what they're talking about. It takes a lot of games to get into the playoffs. And there are a lot of *big* games along the way. Look what we had to do last year to get into the Super Bowl. We had to beat Dallas twice. Dallas was the defending champion. Then we had to beat Green Bay twice. What I'm getting at is that the competition in the National Football League is so tough that you can't let down one quarter or you lose. Our football team is going to have to improve. Why? Because everybody who plays the Redskins says, "We're playing a Super Bowl team; it'd be nice to knock those guys off." So they're going to play a little harder.

No team had more dedication than the 1972 Redskins or better leaders than our captains, Charley Taylor, Len Hauss, Chris Hanburger, Diron Talbert and Speedy Duncan. Last year we had a great season and I'm pleased with the fact that our players put forth the effort to get to the Super Bowl. Mayor Walter Washington has said that the '72 Redskins were the best thing to happen to his city in years. That's quite an accomplishment and one that I'm proud of. We were a unifying force for the city; we gave the people something to cheer about. We took a city that was known for last place and united it. Blacks and whites, Marylanders, Virginians and Washingtonians, Democrats and Republicans, they all were pulling together for the same thing. We felt a tremendous obligation to the nation's capital since we were the only professional team here. I know we'll get back to the Super Bowl sometime. It could be this season and it could be next. Nobody can predict that; there are too many intangibles. But I know we'll be back there again. I'm positive we'll be back. **END**

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week June 26-July 2

COLLEGE BASKETBALL—The U.S. men touring China continued their winning ways with two more victories, 81–55 and 101–82. The women's team from John F. Kennedy College bounced back after three opening defeats with wins of 62–57 and 62–59 over the Chinese.

BOWLING—DON McCUNE gained his fourth PBA title this season, winning the $37,500 Fresno Open. Bobby Williams of Detroit finished in second place, 110 pins behind McCune. Four 300 games were tolled by the pros during the event.

CANOEING—WEST GERMANY dominated the world championships in Muotathal, Switzerland, earning eight gold medals, four silvers and five bronze. The U.S. placed fourth with two golds, one in the Canadian two-manned and one in the women's slalom, won by the team of Louise Holcombe, Carolyn Ashton and Candace Clark.

CHESS—American ROBERT BYRNE took a third place in the Interzonal tournament in Leningrad behind ANATOLY KARPOV and VIKTOR KORCHNOI of the Soviet Union. The three will meet Boris Spassky and Tigran Petrosian and the three winners from another Interzonal match scheduled for later this year in Brazil, to determine who will challenge Bobby Fischer in 1975.

Two-time national high school champ LARRY CHRISTIANSEN, 16, of Riverside, Calif., captured the U.S. Junior Chess Championship in San Francisco. Mark Dieven, 16, of Potomac, Md., was runner-up.

FENCING—Undefeated in five matches in the round-robin tournament, ED BALLINGER of New York took the national foil championship in Tucson. Second place went to Bruce Lyons of Washington.

GOLF—BILLY CASPER broke a dismal losing streak with a one-stroke victory in the $175,000 Western Open in Chicago. It was Casper's 49th PGA win but his first tournament success since the fall of 1971. He carded a two-under-par 69, beating Larry Hinson and Hale Irwin who finished tied at 273. Australian Bruce Crampton, who led the tournament going into the final round, closed with a lackluster 73, but his check for $7,233 made him one of pro golf's five official millionaires. He joins Jack Nicklaus, Arnold Palmer, Casper and Lee Trevino.

Tour veteran MARY MILLS spoiled Laura Baugh's debut as a professional by shooting a three-under-par 70 final round to win the $30,000 Lady Tara Open in Atlanta. Baugh led for most of the way but lost by a stroke. Sandra Haynie, Judy Rankin and Sharon Miller tied Baugh for second.

Australian GRAHAM MARSH won the Sunbeam Electric Scottish Open with a 286, six strokes better than Peter Oosterhuis. The victory, at St. Andrews, was Marsh's first British triumph.

HARNESS RACING—Stanley Dancer drove SMOG ($4.40) a 3-year-old Meadow Skipper colt, to a one-length victory in 1:59⅘ over Hasty Ed in the final of the $50,300 Can-Am Pacing Series at Scioto Downs in Columbus, Ohio.

SIR DALRAE ($2.80), driven by Jim Dennis, won his 10th in 13 starts this season with a 1:56⅘, the fastest pacing time of the year on any track, when he took the $15,000 Governor's Cup by 4¾ lengths over Breadwinner at Spotsman's Park.

HORSE RACING—SECRETARIAT ($2.10) cruised to a nine-length victory over My Gallant at Arlington Park outside Chicago (*page 24*).

In his first outing, Secretariat's half brother CAPITAL ASSET ($3.40) won a $9,000 maiden special weight race at Aqueduct by 1¼ lengths.

A 23-1 shot ROYAL CHOCOLATE, ridden by Ted Colangelo, won the $124,150 Queen's Plate by 5½ lengths over Sinister Purpose in Toronto. La Prevoyante, the favorite, finished eighth.

MOTOR SPORTS—Three-time Indy winner A. J. FOYT passed out-of-gas Roger McCluskey on the final lap to win the $360,000 Schaefer 500 at Mount Pocono (*page 20*).

Sweden's RONNIE PETERSON, in a JPS Lotus, captured the French Grand Prix, completing the 54 laps in 1:41:36.52, for an average of 115.117 mph. Jody Scheckter of South Africa, presently leading the L & M series in points, kept his Yardley-McLaren in the lead until the 42nd lap when he crashed, knocking Emerson Fittipaldi out of the race with him. Bs finishing fourth, Scotland's Jackie Stewart overtook Fittipaldi in the world championship point standings.

Britain's ROGER WILLIAMSON, in a March BMW, drove to victory in the Monza Lottery Grand Prix. Averaging 124.645 mph, he completed the 40 laps in 1:09:05.6. Patrick Depailler was second in an Elf-2.

ROWING—NORTHEASTERN University established itself as the top U.S. crew, at least temporarily, beating Wisconsin, the IRA champion, and Washington in the course of finishing a strong second to the Soviet Union's Trud Leningrad eight over 2,000 meters at Nottingham, England. The three U.S. crews, as well as the Russians, will be in action again at the Henley Regatta this week.

TENNIS—With most of the top men players already missing, Wimbledon's No. 1 seed, Rumanian Ilie Nastase, further depleted the celebrity ranks by losing to NCAA champion SANDY MAYER 6–4, 8–6, 6–8, 6–4 in the fourth round.

TRACK & FIELD—In nine days Kenya's BEN JIPCHO clipped nearly seven seconds from the world 3,000-meter steeplechase mark, reducing it first by one second in the Helsinki Games and then by 5.8 seconds to 8:14 in the World Games, also in Helsinki. FILBERT BAYI of Tanzania surprised Dave Wottle and Jipcho in the 1,500 meters with a 3:34.6 to become the third fastest individual over the distance in the World Games. Belgium's EMIEL PUTTEMANS turned in the season's fastest time for the 5,000 meters with a 13:19.6. He holds the world's record of 13:13.0. VIKTOR SANEYEV of the U.S.S.R. triple jumped 56' 1¼', the best this year.

MARCELLO FIASCONARO, 23, established a world record in the 800-meter run with a 1:43.7 in Milan. The old mark, set 11 years ago by New Zealand's Peter Snell, was 1:44.3.

In the Kusocinski Memorial races in Warsaw, Poland's RYSZARD OSKOWRONEK won the decathlon with the seventh best point total in the history of the event and the year's tops, 8,212.

MILEPOSTS—ADOPTED. Tentatively by the American Basketball Association, a rule that would allow a player to remain in a game regardless of how many fouls he commits.

NAMED. As head football coach at East Tennessee State, RDY FRAZIER, former assistant under John Robert Bell, who resigned last week.

NAMED. TOM NISSALKE, 39, who coached the team two years ago when it was still in Dallas and called the Chaparrals, as coach of the ABA's newly transplanted San Antonio Spurs.

DIED. DAVID (Swede) SAVAGE, 26, of injuries received when his Eagle-Offenhauser crashed during the Indianapolis 500. He had been in critical condition since the accident and is the third fatality in the Speedway this year. Driver David (Salt) Walther, also injured in the race, is still hospitalized in serious condition.

DIED. ELMER LAYDEN, 70, one of Notre Dame's legendary Four Horsemen, at Northwestern University Hospital. In 1933 he became head coach and athletic director for the Irish, compiling a 47-13-3 record over seven seasons. During World War II he was commissioner of the NFL. Two other members of Knute Rockne's undefeated backfield of 1924, Don Miller and Jim Crowley, still survive. Harry Stuhldreher died in 1965.

CREDITS

5—Tor. Trio 20,21—Lane Stewart 22—Lane Stewart, John Iacono 30, 31—Rich Clarkson 50—Sygrid Bo Boesen Phototeporters, UPI 52—Herb Schoffman 67—Nellie Fell 70,71—John Iacono 74,75—Walter Iooss Jr., Neil Leifer (3), John Iacono 87—Los Angeles Times (3).

FACES IN THE CROWD



CINDY MALINCHAK, of Monessen, Pa., won the 13-14 age-group division of the Mid-Atlantic AAU gymnastics championships. She placed first in the uneven parallel bars, second in the vault and won the all-around. She will compete in the nationals in August.



PHILLIP PALEY, 9, of Encino, Calif., is a black belt in the Tang Soo Do style of karate. Only 3'11" and weighing just 47 pounds, he did not fail a single test through 10 belts en route to the black. A fourth-grader, he took up the sport "because of my size."



KIANE LOKELANI NOWELL, 21, became the first woman beach lifeguard in Los Angeles history. The only female among 40 candidates, she placed 21st in the city's half-mile run plus half-mile ocean swim test, and was assigned tower duty on the Venice Beach.



JANICE METCALF, a junior at the University of Redlands (Calif.), won her second straight Women's Intercollegiate Tennis Championship. Earlier, as the only woman on its tennis team, she helped Redlands win the NAIA title over Presbyterian College.



DAVID TEBELMAN, 12, of Cincinnati, pitched his Knothole (Class C) baseball team, Pilgrim United Church, to a 5–0 victory over St. Catherine Gold. In five innings he struck out all 15 batters and went three for three at the plate, getting a triple and two singles.



MITZI McMILLIN, a junior at West Seattle High, established a Washington state record in the 80-yard hurdles with a 10.2. Earlier she set three Seattle Metro League marks with 5'4½" in the high jump, 18'4½" in the long jump and 10.7 in the 80-yard hurdles.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

WIDE OPEN

Sirs

As a Johnny Miller fan, I congratulate Dan Jenkins on his story *Battle of the Ages* (June 25) about the U.S. Open. Not only did he do an excellent job on Johnny's fantastic round of 63, he covered all aspects of the Open brilliantly. This tournament shows that no matter how dim things look, there is always a chance to come out ahead. As for Tom Weiskopf, the man who laughed and said he didn't even know Miller had made the cut, all I can say is that Miller made the biggest cut of all.

BOB ROONEY

Bronx, N.Y.

Sirs:

You finally did it! You had an article on a golf tournament that did not mention Jack Nicklaus' name in every other paragraph. Thanks for giving credit to some other pros.

RAY BELLAMY

Roanoke, Va.

Sirs

Congratulations to James Drake for his outstanding cover photo of Johnny Miller. It was a spectacularly composed action shot.

MIKE TRUE

Princeton, N.J.

POET'S LICENSE

Sirs:

The article *Dead Men Write No Poems* (June 25) by Dan Gerber has to be one of the best ever written on why men stop racing. Gerber's presentation of his feelings while racing was excellent, and one feels his disappointment when he chooses to quit. Someday I hope to compete in motor racing because of the sheer delight in doing it, but this article will remain with me to remind me when to stop. Thank you for printing it.

JOHN W. SCHWARM

Saginaw, Mich.

Sirs

Dan Gerber describes the hazards of race driving without being overly grotesque or macabre. As another of those aspiring drivers in the SCCA in the early '60s, I shall always remember Dan as one of our local heroes. We had concluded that Dan "had it made" as a top pro once he had smoothed out the wild driving of his early Austin-Healey days. But as he so vividly describes it, even the top pros get involved in accidents.

We were glad to hear Dan is doing so well in his other field, and we would welcome him to South Bend anytime to lecture at one of our monthly sports-car club meetings.

RICHARD WISLER

Elkhart, Ind.

WINNERS AND LOSERS

Sirs

I very much enjoyed Larry Keith's article on the 1973 College World Series (*USC Gave It the Old College Cool*, June 25). USC's success over the years can indeed be attributed to its fine coach, Rod Dedeaux, a man who must be considered the John Wooden of college baseball.

DUANE F. SPENCER

Berkeley, Calif.

Sirs

The qualities of a great champion include humility and sportsmanship. It might be a good idea if USC Coach Rod Dedeaux taught those qualities. Remarks that I have read and heard from the Trojans after their last two championships only show me that they are not yet mature enough to handle success.

ROBERT G. GRIEGO, D.D.S.

Phoenix

Sirs

Larry Keith's coverage of the College World Series was generally excellent, with one notable exception, the omission of one of the nation's finest collegiate pitchers, Arizona State's Eddie Bane.

In three years at ASU, Bane compiled a 41-4 mark, setting an NCAA record of 535 strikeouts in the process. In his only pitching appearance in this year's Series, Bane, a first-team All-America, as well as all-tourney, shut out Minnesota 3-0 while fanning 12 batters. He then signed a contract, estimated at $64,500, with the Minnesota Twins and was sent directly to the majors.

The University of Southern California is certainly a deserving champion, with its superior play under pressure. But with their slow, deliberate style, the Trojans are a distant second to ASU in fan appeal. USC has trouble drawing flies at home, while the Sun Devils, the crowd favorite at Omaha, attract as many as 8,000 fans for important home games.

MIKE TULUMELLO
STEVE WIDMANN

Tempe, Ariz.

BIG LIFT

Sirs:

As an avid Olympic-style weight lifter, I enjoyed tremendously your article on national champions Fred Lowe and Phil Grippaldi (*Clean Wins for Determined Non-jerks*, June 25). Dan Levin seems to have a genuine interest in weight lifting as a *sport*; there was not a hint of a patronizing tone in the entire report. Thanks.

STEVE WANVIG

Minneapolis

Sirs

Skimming through your contents page of June 25, I did a double take at the picture of Fred Lowe. It is not often one sees the image of an old college roommate in SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. I immediately turned to page 56 and read the article. It was most rewarding to find that Fred is still Fred, for I had been able to follow him only through mutual friends and an occasional article buried deep in the sports pages of newspapers. It was also gratifying to see a fine athlete get the recognition he deserves. I have met others with his desire, but none with his determination. The look on his face in your photograph is the same look we saw in 1966 in the Central Michigan University weight room, where some of us would go to watch Fred work out. His concentration and total effort awed us.

BOB SCHEERER

Bay City, Mich.

OLDEST LIFEGUARD

Sirs

How could you include such a genuinely amusing story as *I'm the Type of Swimmer Lifeguards Hate* in your June 18 issue and not indicate in some way that it was funny? I always read the humorous stories—there used to be about one an issue, easily recognizable by the accompanying drawings—but I happened on this one just by chance. What a catastrophe it would have been to have missed it. Take pity on the beleaguered reader who cannot read everything. Identify the funnies.

CAROLINE CORD

New York City

Sirs

You have pictured lifeguard Jim Havender as pugnacious, obnoxious, vain and self-satisfied. Heaven help him if those are his true attributes.

RENE WARREN

Rayville, Mo.

Sirs

Bravo to Roy Blount Jr. for his article on Jim Havender, whose warmth and kindness were an inspiration to *all* of us as campers and counselors at Monomoy.

Here's to a wonderful human being and a fabulous gentleman.

RICK RICHARDSON

Mansfield, Mass.

THE WOMEN (CONT.)

Sirs

I have just finished reading your excellent and timely series *Women in Sport* (May 28 *et seq.*). The gals certainly are not getting a fair shake, and I hope your story helps their

continued


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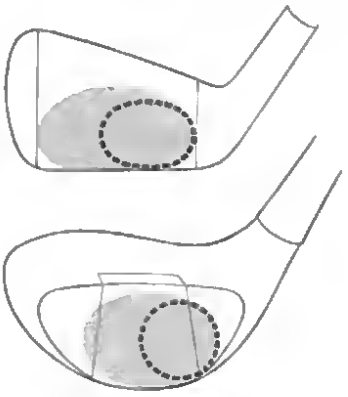
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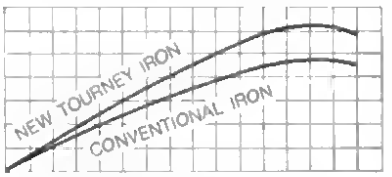
In each new Tourney wood and iron, the club head has been completely redesigned and precisely balanced by scientifically positioning weight in the critical heel and toe areas. This unique concept of weight distribution extends the sweetspot across the entire face of every club and has a stabilizing effect on the club head, holding it square even on shots hit off center. Tourney makes it easy to hit the sweetspot and achieve the feel of total ball control.



SWEETSPOT COMPARISON
Dotted area shows conventional sweetspot. Shaded area shows new Tourney sweetspot

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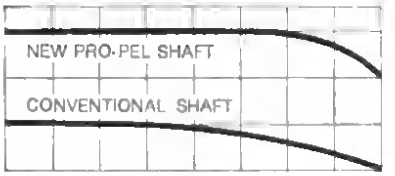


TRAJECTORY COMPARISON

Less hosel. Less distraction.

Tourney irons present a clean, flowing line from grip to club head. In the address position, the golfer sees only what he should see . . . the ball.

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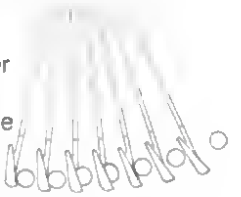


SHAFT FLEX COMPARISON

New club. New shaft.

Tourney's new Pro-Pel lightweight steel shaft concentrates the flex toward the club head. This creates a tremendous release of energy as the club strikes the ball. The result is faster club head speed at impact producing greater distance.

Forgings for a reason.



Professional golfers know that the longer the ball remains on the club face at impact, the more feel and control they have and the more ball compression they achieve. Forgings keep the ball on the club face longer, maximizing control, accuracy and distance. Forgings for a reason . . . feel and performance.

Tourney . . . a perfectly matched set of woods and irons created to dramatically improve your game.

Don't take our word for it. Swing a set of Tourneys at your Pro Shop. We think you'd rather play Tourneys than be playing against them. Sold only through Professional Golf Shops.



Jock itch (or chafing, rash, itching, sweating) shouldn't be treated lightly.



If your groin, thighs, or buttocks suffer from redness rash chafing, soreness excessive perspiration or Jock Itch (Tinea cruris), then you need medicated Cruex®

Cruex provides fast relief It soothes itchy inflamed skin Absorbs perspiration Helps cushion against further irritation And, because it's medicated, Cruex is strong enough to help prevent the fungous infection that can develop when these annoying symptoms are improperly treated

Cruex® SPRAY-ON POWDER

Since Cruex is a spray-on powder it penetrates into hard-to-get-at places so you avoid the sting and burning of rubbing dabbing or smearing on ointments, creams, or powders

Get relief—fast Avoid embarrassing itch, too With Cruex Soothing, cooling Cruex.

Cruex. Guaranteed to work or your money back.

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WAIST-AWAY™ Helps Trim Stomach Bulges the scientific way



Red [illegible] belt [illegible] But WAIST AWAY belt [illegible] to trim bulging waistline [illegible] Imitators have fallen by the wayside [illegible] because the WAIST AWAY method is a basically sound scientific method that works for everyone The WAIST AWAY belt was the first with the tested and proved reducing principle that *athletes have used successfully for years*

It took a champion athlete to develop the WAIST AWAY Belt Athletes in training have used rubber sweat suits to lose bulk fast All that was needed was to find a way to concentrate the body's heating effect on the area bulging with fat

All belts are not the same

All reducing belts are not made with the same materials and design as the WAIST AWAY Some imitate but none can duplicate the original WAIST AWAY design Note these important differences

WAIST AWAY is made of the same soft rubber like composition that the athletes use This is the most effective material to make your body heat sweat away the excess moisture that adds to bulky fat And it's the most comfortable to wear next to your body Not a cheap elastic or cloth

Reduces — doesn't just hold in

Some belts just hold you in like a corset while you wear them Waist Away Belt plus our exercise program actually trims down the bulge doesn't just squeeze it in

WAIST AWAY's special construction creates a soothing massage effect that relieves back and waist tensions The heating effect developed by WAIST AWAY helps ease backache and stiffness

The WAIST AWAY Belt works on a simple scientific principle You don't have to wear cumbersome weights WAIST AWAY is perfectly safe There are no vibrating devices in WAIST AWAY Do the Waist Away exercise Then you do whatever you wish while you wear it do housework, jog, or just sit and watch TV

Entertainers have found the WAIST AWAY a wonderful help Athletes, businessmen housewives and career girls have enjoyed those benefits too

10-Day Money back Guarantee

Whatever method of reducing you have tried without success don't give up Order a WAIST AWAY belt today on our money back guarantee You risk nothing

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Dept SI 8-4 509 Fifth Ave , New York, N.Y. 10017
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women's WAIST AWAY Belts (waist measurement) at $9.95	$
Shipping & Handling	$1.00
Total Price	$
N.Y. State residents add local sales tax (New York City 7%)	$
(No C.O.D.) I enclose check money order for	$

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cause But I was disappointed that you did not include anything on the status of women athletes in other countries, because I think you would have strengthened your case Take Eastern Europe for example I have lived in Rumania for the last two years and followed and participated in local sports Here, as I assume is true throughout Eastern Europe, women athletes enjoy considerable publicity for their achievements, and in many, many sports they are treated as equals with the men In basketball, volleyball, handball, track and field, gymnastics and swimming, just to name a few, the women have uniforms, coaching and the use of facilities on a par with men Large numbers of spectators turn out for women's events, and it is not unusual for the daily sport newspaper, *Sportul*, to carry several stories and photos of female accomplishments Women here certainly do not carry a stigma for success in sports

I think American sports directors could take a lesson from the Rumanians in this regard Maybe this is why the Eastern European countries are so strong in women's athletics Certainly their women receive far more satisfaction from sports than do our own

WILLIAM F SCHRAGE

Bucharest

Sirs

Bil Gilbert and Nancy Williamson have written a superior commentary on the status of women in sport But I would like to tell you about the Canada West University Athletic Association, which is typical of most of the Canadian university athletic conferences in that it provides athletic opportunities for women that are comparable to those for men Our philosophy has never been "separate and equal" but rather "separate and appropriate"

We could not be persuaded to allow girls on our ice hockey, football, rugby or wrestling teams, nor do we plan to offer women's programs in these activities We do, however, offer competition in 13 activities (as compared to 17 for men) In eight of these sports, the men's and women's meets are held together, and in basketball we play female-male doubleheaders

In each of our institutions the athletic program is administered by a unified department of athletics A final significant statistic is that in two of our six universities the athletic directors are female

JAMES A P DAY
President
Canada West University
Athletic Association

Lethbridge, Alberta

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Turkish Plunge for a Sponge

Ah,' said the headmaster of the primary school, where I was visiting at the time, "if you want to go diving for sponges, then Niyazi is your man! We will just have another glass of tea and then go round to the staff room and see if he is there."

The tourist hand-out maps of Turkey show an outline of the little Mediterranean island of Bozcaada with tiny figures grasping fish almost as large as themselves, or emerging from the sea clutching huge sponges. The seizing of fish by their tails or sponges by their roots, the leaflets inform you, is so much child's play. The idea had caught my fancy.

In the staff room Mr Niyazi courteously left the marking of his papers, asked if I would like a glass of tea, and silently inspected the rubber flippers and the mask that I had with me. He then declared that we would, *inşallah* (if Allah so disposed things), get a boat and go out for sponges that very afternoon.

When we got down to the waterfront the headmaster announced that he, too, might like a trip out. Suleyman, the boatman, sculled a rowboat to the harbor steps and we all, headmaster, Niyazi and I, got in. That the headmaster was taking no active part in the diving seemed pretty clear. I checked to see whether he had brought towel and costume with him, and he had not.

There was a little difficulty in getting the inboard engine started, but finally it fired and we bumble-bumbled out of the harbor and coasted parallel to the island, keeping some 200 to 300 yards offshore. At a point presumably known from experience, Niyazi shouted to Suleyman to slow down and we drifted over a submerged reef. We found a depth of two to three feet of water underneath us, and on either side, Niyazi explained, there were easy depths of somewhere around 20 feet. Suleyman tied a boulder to a rope in the bow and cast the stone anchor out on to the reef. It would hold us, he said cheerfully, as long as the wind did not get up.

Niyazi was the first to change into his swimming costume, one of those old-fashioned voluminous affairs made of wool that reach almost to the knees, and while I was still changing he hopped over the side, picked up several small boulders from the reef and loaded them into the stern of the boat.

My own swimming costume was not of a particularly advanced design. On the other hand, it was certainly far more dynamic than Niyazi's. Made of nylon, no elastic round the waist, it consisted of conservatively cut black swimming trunks that laced up the sides with string. Niyazi gave one quick look and said, with marked disapproval, "useless" and, as an afterthought, "impossible."

As the Turks are a very modest people and their own swimming attire is always of the most orthodox design (Turkey is, to my mind, just a shade Victorian), I thought that Niyazi's "impossible" referred to the brevity of my costume, but "Have you any underpants?" he asked. "Let me see."

This seemed a strange prelude to sponge diving, but from my small heap of clothes I pulled out my underpants, these too were of nylon, and far briefer than my swimming costume. Niyazi groaned.

"Look," he shouted. He stood on the stern of the little boat, picked up one of the boulders he had dislodged from the reef, stretched the elastic waistband of his costume and placed a boulder against his stomach. When the elastic shot back into place, it held the rock to his stomach, increasing his weight by some 30 pounds.

"It is necessary," said Niyazi, speaking slowly, "to weight yourself to get down. *Swimming* down you use up all your energy and have no air in your lungs when you need it. You weight yourself. You breathe deep. You hold your nostrils. You jump."

So. To dive clutching lumps of rock was no go. Water is driven into the nostrils and, more important, once you have dropped the rocks in order to have your hands free, you shoot upward empty-handed.

With my swimming costume unsuitable, my underpants useless and the mere clutching of rock no good, we had reached an impasse.

Mr Niyazi and the headmaster conferred about it in rapid Turkish. Then, to my surprise, I saw the headmaster rise and remove his trousers. Not only his trousers but his underpants. The headmaster, as well as being a good sort, was unexpectedly progressive. Instead of the usual Turkish drawstring arrangement, his underpants had an elastic waistband.

Thus it was, clad in the headmaster's drawers, laden with rock and with my nostrils closed, that I sank into the most perfect aquarium I have ever seen. Shoals of brightly colored fish flicked themselves away as I drifted down among them and came to rest on a strip of white sand between two brown ridges of rock.

Mud-gray sponges clung to the sides of the underwater ravine. I seized hold of the first piece I could see and prepared to do a quick release elastically and surface with it. But the more I tugged the more the sponge held fast. I transferred my hold to another piece of sponge. That clung even tighter to its rock. I jettisoned my ballast and shot to the surface empty-handed. Niyazi had three large sponges.

"No sponge, Mr Peter?"

"Yes, but it won't come up."

I had shocked Mr Niyazi again.

"Mr Peter, the sponge is not a dead thing! It lives! It is an animal. When it feels you tugging, it holds tight. You must either take it at one quick grab before it suspects what you are about or you must use a chisel and chisel it off."

I made a second dive, prepared to catch the sponges unawares, but they had seen me coming. Again I tugged and again I came up empty-handed.

On the third dive off the reef I took along Niyazi's chisel tied to my wrist. A baby sponge, a very small one, let itself be chiseled off, but only very reluctantly and after much lacerating of its little body.

On the surface, standing in the shallow water on the reef, Niyazi cleaned his eight sponges and I cleaned my one. A continual wringing and squeezing drives clean seawater through the interstices and the sponge's blood, the color of grayish milk, is driven out. The first stage in the cleaning of a sponge is this beating of the blood out of it.

Although grateful to the capable Mr Niyazi, and admiring, certainly, I have decided that I myself shall do no more sponge diving. Not only is it difficult, it is a blood sport.

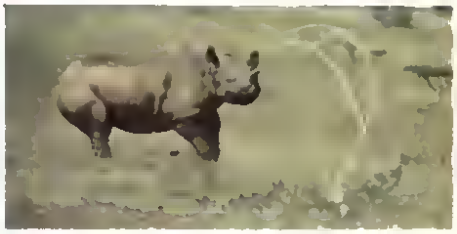
—Peter Hird

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